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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Animal Kingdom described and arranged, in conformity with its Organisation, by the Baron Cuvier, &c. With Additional Descriptions and other Original Matter. By Edw. Griffiths, F.L.S., and Others. Part IX. London, 1826. Whittaker.

NEARLY two years ago, (namely, in our Journal of the 11th of September, 1824,) we announced with due commendations the commencement of this work, and described the manner in which the translator had taken up the subject; adding greatly to the famous *Règne Animal* of Cuvier from recent discoveries and observations, which tended to set the study of Zoology on a broader basis, and render it at the same time more delectable and more instructive. Since that period the publication has proceeded with uninterrupted success, and we have now before us the Ninth Part, from a review of which our readers will be enabled to judge of the character of the whole.

One of the most important features in a production of this class is to be found in the execution of the plates; and we have pleasure in stating that neither pains nor expense seem to have been spared to render these what they ought to be, as accompaniments and illustrations of so valuable a book. They are engraved in line, and extremely well done, whether we view them as specimens of the mechanical part of the art, or as spirited and characteristic representations of the various animals. In either way they merit entire approbation.

With regard to the literary and scientific portion of this fasciculus, we have, with some slight exception, to speak of it in terms equally laudatory. Diligence, research, and care, appear not to be wanting—indeed there may, perhaps, be too much of the last-mentioned quality,—the long details of the shooting of our old neighbour the Elephant in Exeter 'Change might we think have been spared without loss, after they had done so much towards filling all the newspapers of the day. This is, however, mere opinion, and Mr. Griffiths may be right in considering them too curious to be omitted in a work of Natural History.

This Part concludes the Order *Pachydermata*, and begins the Order *Ruminantia*, both in the Class *Mammalia*:—in the former the interesting question of Instinct is ably discussed, and some remarkable stories are told in support of the doctrines maintained by the writer.

"The real difference (he says) between brute reason and human does not appear to us to be in kind, but in the capability afforded to the latter and denied to the former. The elephant that had a reasonable knowledge that a current of air would move a comparatively light body, and that a sudden resistance would cause the same current to turn in a contrary direction from that which was at first given it, went as far in an intellectual operation, and availed himself of as much of past experience and association, as the human savage could do: but all the experience and all the cultivation in the

world would never enable the same elephant to penetrate the principles of mechanical powers, to understand the doctrine of angles, to calculate the extent of resisting mediums. Not so the savage;—we know, if not experimentally, at least by analogy, that his mind is capable in some directions of an indefinite extent of improvement: reason in the brute is rudimentary, and incapable of progression; in man it attains a degree of development proportioned, as we have said, to the pains bestowed upon its culture. And this is perfectly compatible with the accountable condition of man, and the contrary state of lower animals. They, in all probability, have not arrived at what is called a moral sense: their rudimentary reason has not attained to a comprehension of right and wrong; their intellectual restricted gift therefore brings with it no reciprocity of obligation; they have not eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; their eyes are not opened. * *

"During our waking moments, as our senses are continually acted upon by surrounding objects, they are constantly receiving impressions of various kinds. These impressions, however, do not necessarily form ideas; we see objects, we hear sounds, we touch bodies,—but all these impressions may be utterly inconsequential in regard to our intelligence, and take place without producing a single idea: but if the stimulus of some want or desire produce the preparatory act of which we have been speaking, in other words, if we place ourselves in a state of attention, and fix that attention on an object by which our senses are impressed, one or many ideas are the immediate result. Now this faculty of attention, which follows sensation, and produces ideas, is certainly possessed by animals: it is superfluous to offer any proof of this; were it otherwise, animals could not be of the smallest utility to man. It is possessed in the highest degree by the mammiferous animals, whose senses and cerebral conformation are the most perfect, when compared with our own. It must be confessed, however, that this faculty, on which all intellect is founded, is obviously possessed, by the most perfect of these animals, in a much inferior degree to that in which it exists in man: their senses, like his, receive impressions from external objects, but to the majority of such impressions or sensations they pay no attention; they only take notice of those which are immediately relative to their habitual wants, and their ideas must consequently be few, and very little varied; very extraordinary circumstances are necessary to make them vary their actions, or extend in any degree the circle of their ideas. This takes place among them, to the greatest degree we ever witness it, under the influence of man; under his guidance they are susceptible of an augmented education; but when left to themselves, their improvability is very limited. All objects, except those in which their physical wants are interested, are to them as nothing; nature presents to their view no object of wonder, of curiosity, of admiration, or of love; nothing can interest them but what ministers

to the relief of their wants, the gratification of their appetites, security from danger, or enjoyment of repose; all else is seen without attention, and without intelligence. There is, however, a vast difference in this respect between animals of different species.

"Look, for instance, at the attention and apparent curiosity with which a monkey examines every object before it, compared with the apathy of the swine! But it must be questioned whether all this sagacious attention be not finally referrible to his physical wants. He appears indeed to examine bodies with the eye of a philosopher; but it is more than probable that a discovery of their esculent properties, if they have any, is all he has in view. Animals then possess, in a certain degree, the power of attention, and consequently of forming ideas. That these ideas remain impressed on their sensoria, and frequently recur, is quite evident; in other words, that they have memory. It is equally evident that numerous and varied associations are formed between these ideas, and that animals deduce thence many judgments, which judgments, like our own, are true or false according to the premises on which they rest, and the accuracy with which they are deduced; in short, that they are as unlike the deductions of instinct, and, as far as they go, as like those of human intelligence, as sufficiently to infer identity.

"It is self-evident that the intelligence of every being must be limited by the number and variety of its ideas. These, as we have seen, depend upon the degree of attention. There is a kind of successive dependence in the intellectual faculties, each one being proportioned to the strength of its precursor. We allow that animals possess attention, memory, association, and judgment, or the power of deducing inferences from comparison of ideas. But if the attention be limited, so is the number of ideas, so is the memory; the associations are consequently unvaried, and the judgments few, and resulting from very simple processes of comparison. That this conclusion is warranted by the observation of the actions of animals cannot be denied, except in the case of those instinctive operations which have nothing to do with the present question. That animals can compare two or more objects present to their senses, discern some of their relations, and execute an act of judgment thereupon, is clear."

From these passages the author's opinions touching the mind of animals may be gathered: we shall now shew how he illustrates some of his positions by extremely amusing anecdotes.

"An elephant which a few years ago belonged to Mr. Cross, at Exeter 'Change, attained to the practice of a curious trick, which by repetition might be said to have acquired, if indeed instinct could be acquired, something of an instinctive character; but which, the first time it occurred at least, seems attributable to nothing short of reason. It is the usual part of the performances of an elephant at a public exhibition, to pick up a piece of coin, thrown within his reach for the pur-

pose, with the finger-like appendage at the extremity of the trunk: on one occasion a sixpence was thrown down, which happened to roll a little out of the reach of the animal, not far from the wall: being desired to pick it up, he stretched out his proboscis several times to reach it; he then stood motionless for a few seconds, evidently considering, we have no hesitation in saying evidently considering, how to act; he then stretched his proboscis in a straight line as far as he could, a little distance above the coin, and blew with great force against the wall; the angle produced by the opposition of the wall, made the current of air act under the coin as he evidently intended and anticipated it would, and it was curious to observe the sixpence travelling by these means toward the animal, till it came within his reach, and he picked it up. This complicated calculation of natural means at his disposal, was an intellectual effort beyond what a vast number of human beings would ever have thought of, and would be considered as a lucky thought, a clever expedient, under similar circumstances in any man. It was an action perfectly indifferent, had no relation either to self-preservation or to propagation.

"Some young camels belonging to a much-respected friend of the editor, and brother of a very valuable contributor to this work, were travelling with the army, when they had occasion to cross the Jumna in a flat-bottomed boat: the novelty of the thing excited their fears to such a degree that it seemed impossible to drive or induce them to enter the boat spontaneously; upon which one of the mohauts, or elephant-keepers, called to his elephant, and desired him to drive them in: the animal immediately put on a furious appearance, trumpeted with his proboscis, shook his ears, roared, struck the ground to the right and left, and blew the dust in clouds towards them; and so effectually subdued one great fear in the refractory camels by exciting a greater, that they bolted into the boat in the greatest hurry, —when the elephant re-assumed his composure, and deliberately walked back to his post. The same elephant was appealed to by his mohaut to remove a branch from a tree which hung too low to raise the tent-pole: the animal looked at the pole as if measuring it with his eye, then at the tree and impending branch; he then turned his rump towards the trunk of the tree, stepped a couple of paces forward, took the branch in his trunk, and felt as if examining where it would split off: finding it easy at this place, he moved a little back to where it was thicker; then taking a firm hold, he gave it three or four successive swings, increasing his force, till with one very powerful effort it tore and fell on the ground. Being appealed to, to remove another branch still higher, he looked up, stretched his proboscis, and caught only a twig or two and some leaves; he was urged again, he shook his ears and gave a piping sound of displeasure: but the mohaut insisting, after another vain attempt, he caught the bearing pole of a dooly (a kind of palanquin,) and shook it with violence, making a poor sick soldier immediately start out of it: the hint was sufficient—he would not be trifled with.

"At the siege of Bhurtpore, in the year 1806, an affair occurred between two elephants, which displays at once the character and mental capability, the passions, cunning, and resources of these curious animals. The British army, with its countless host of followers and attendants, and thousands of cattle, had been for a long time before the city, when on the approach

of the hot season, and of the dry hot winds, the supply of water in the neighbourhood of the camp necessary for the supply of so many beings began to fail: the ponds or tanks had dried up, and no more water was left than the immense wells of the country would furnish. The multitude of men and cattle that were unceasingly at the wells, particularly the largest, occasioned no inconsiderable struggle for the priority in procuring the supply for which each were there to seek, and the consequent confusion on the spot was frequently very considerable. On one occasion, two elephant drivers, each with his elephant, the one remarkably large and strong, and the other comparatively small and weak, were at the well together; the small elephant had been provided by his master with a bucket for the occasion, which he carried at the end of his proboscis; but the larger animal, being destitute of this necessary vessel, either spontaneously or by desire of his keeper seized the bucket, and easily wrested it away from his less powerful fellow-servant: the latter was too sensible of his inferiority, openly to resent the insult, though it is obvious that he felt it; but great squabbling and abuse ensued between the keepers. At length, the weaker animal, watching the opportunity when the other was standing with his side to the well, retired backwards a few paces, in a very quiet, unsuspicious manner, and then rushing forward with all his might, drove his head against the side of the other, and fairly pushed him into the well. An inquiry might naturally be made here, whether these animals were in the case in question possessed of any thing like a moral sense? We should certainly have no inclination to refer a moral sense, strictly speaking, in any case to the lower animals; its existence, independently of education and habit in man, may be problematical; but there seems little doubt that the animals in question had acquired a principle not far, if at all, removed from a partial knowledge of right and wrong: being constantly fed by portions or messes, it may be easily supposed that it attained a knowledge of *meum* and *tuum*, and such a knowledge, however limited in its beginning, might, from the constant intercourse of these creatures with man, be in some degree improved, (of which instinct is altogether incapable,) and more largely applied. This notion, however, presupposes a limited degree of reason in the animal. It may easily be imagined that great inconvenience was immediately experienced, and serious apprehensions quickly followed, that the water in the well, on which the existence of so many seemed in a great measure to depend, would be spoiled, or at least injured, by the unwieldy brute which was precipitated into it; and as the surface of the water was nearly twenty feet below the common level, there did not appear to be any means that could be adopted to get the animal out by main force, at least without injuring him: there were many feet of water below the elephant, who floated with ease on its surface, and, experiencing considerable pleasure from his cool retreat, evinced but little inclination even to exert what means he might possess in himself of escape. A vast number of fascines had been employed by the army in conducting the siege, and at length it occurred to the elephant-keeper, that a sufficient number of these (which may be compared to bundles of wood) might be lowered into the well to make a pile, which might be raised to the top, if the animal could be instructed as to the necessary means of laying them in regular succession

under his feet. Permission having been obtained from the engineer officers to use the fascines, which were at the time put away in several piles of very considerable height, the keeper had to teach this elephant the lesson, which by means of that extraordinary ascendancy these men attain over the elephants, joined with the intellectual resources of the animal itself, he was soon enabled to do; and the elephant began quickly to place each fascine as it was lowered to him, successively under him, until in a little time he was enabled to stand upon them: by this time, however, the cunning brute, enjoying the cool pleasure of his situation after the heat and partial privation of water to which he had been lately exposed, (they are observed in their natural state to frequent rivers, and to swim very often,) was unwilling to work any longer, and all the threats of his keeper could not induce him to place another fascine. The man then opposed cunning to cunning, and began to caress and praise the elephant, and what he could not effect by threats he was enabled to do by the repeated promise of plenty of rack. Incited by this, the animal again went to work, raised himself considerably higher, until by a partial removal of the masonry round the top of the well, he was enabled to step out: the whole affair occupied about fourteen hours. This affair involves a series of intellectual operations which it seems very difficult to separate from reason."

Elsewhere, speaking of the senses of animals, it is observed of the horse—

"Their ears being large, and having great mobility in the external conch, the sense of hearing is consequently extremely fine. It is probably that one which they possess in the greatest perfection—a fact observable in all animals naturally timid. At the slightest motion, the least appearance of an object that is new to them, they stop and listen with the utmost attention:—and upon this we have the following remarkable note:—"I have made the same observation on individuals of this character among the human species. Timid females have usually a very fine sense of hearing. People born blind, or long blind, are usually in the same predicament. This sense is also more nearly connected with mental quickness than is usually supposed. I never knew a very stupid person whose sense of hearing was not naturally dull.

"The Tyrolese, in one of their insurrections, in 1809, took fifteen Bavarian horses, they mounted them with as many of their men; but in a rencontre with a squadron of the regiment of Bubenhoven, when these horses heard the trumpet and recognised the uniform of the regiment, they set off at full gallop, and carried their riders, in spite of all their efforts, into the Bavarian ranks, where they were made prisoners."

Of pigs, too, we have some details of a striking kind:—

"The astonishing fecundity of the animals now under consideration, is one of their most obvious and remarkable characters. They live and multiply in every climate of the world, with the exception of the Polar regions; accordingly we find that, though their natural life would, if permitted, extend to fifteen or twenty years, yet they are capable of reproduction from nine months or a year old. Their lubricity is extreme, and even furious. The rut is almost perpetual, and the female even in a state of pregnancy will seek the male. It is even said that she will occasionally admit the advances of a male of a different species:

The production of fifteen or even twenty in a litter is not unfrequent, and instances have been known even of thirty-seven. The celebrated Vauban has made a calculation of the probable production of an ordinary sow, during the space of ten years. He has not comprehended the male pigs in his estimate, though they may reasonably be supposed as numerous as the females in each litter. Moreover, six young ones only, male and female, have been allowed to each, though generally they are more numerous. The result is, that the product of a single sow in eleven years, which are equivalent to ten generations, will be six million, four hundred and thirty-four thousand, eight hundred and thirty-eight pigs. Taking it, however, in round numbers, and allowing for accident, disease, and the ravages of wolves, four hundred and thirty-four thousand, eight hundred and thirty-eight, there will remain six million of pigs, which is about the number existing in France. 'Were we to extend our calculations,' says Vauban, 'to the twelfth generation, we should find as great a number to result as all Europe would be capable of supporting; and were they to be continued to the sixteenth, as great a number would result as would be adequate to the abundant peopling of the globe.'

In some countries (adds the writer) the principal source of existence, to the poor peasant, is his pig. In Ireland these animals are brought up and fattened to a large size, and then brought to market by the owner, and sold at a tolerable price; with part of this, a younger, leaner, and worse-conditioned pig is purchased, fattened in the same way, and sold at a profit. Happy for the peasant, if this only property be not seized by some inexorable landlord, or some tithe-farmer, or *middle-man*, a species of vermin, for the extirpation of which Ireland might well exchange her boasted exemption from less pernicious reptiles."

And here we must take one of the exceptions to which we alluded against Mr. Griffith's performance. We should be glad to learn from him what business the last-quoted paragraph can possibly have in a work of Natural History? Had he been boring the world with political economy or statistics, he might have introduced it, and welcome; but surely in rendering Baron Cuvier's *Règne Animal* into English, it is most absurdly out of place. We expected, on turning over the leaf, to find a definition of the "*Fermin*" so inappropriately lugged in—perhaps we are to have this new Class or Order in a future volume; and if not, it had been better to say nothing about them. But as we are at our fault-finding, we shall discharge all our bolts at once; and conclude with one other curious circumstance of animal reasoning and action. Of the blemishes—there are some rather prominent inaccuracies of style; for instance, talking of the "three first," quasi, first three stomachs of a camel; and writing in the following foreign idiom:—"They (musk) are delightful animals, as well by their elegance as their agility."

The anecdote runs thus, and is cited to prove that ruminating animals, though generally considered (in spite of their name) stupid, "have the means of communicating not only the wants of one individual of the species to another, but also of one genus to another."

"During an afternoon walk with a friend on a hill near Coventry, we observed several sheep standing with steadfast looks round the head of a cow which was grazing; their fixed attitude attracted our attention, and as we came up, the cow suddenly raised her head, and

the sheep opened before her, as we imagined, to go out of our way; she did not, however, proceed more than a dozen yards, before she reached a gravid ewe, which, hitherto unnoticed by us, had fallen over on her back, and was unable to recover herself from that perilous position. The cow placed the tip of her horns close under the side of the animal, and gave a slight toss, so dexterously managed, as to enable the ewe to get instantly on her feet; meantime the other sheep had dispersed, and the two animals walked their way."

With this remarkable fact we finish, again most heartily recommending this valuable publication to all our readers.

Recollections of a Pedestrian. By the Author of "The Journal of an Exile." 3 vols. crown 8vo. London, 1826. Saunders and Oley.

THE light and lively sketches which fill these volumes are evidently written by one who has been in the situations he describes, and who has not only seen, but observed what he has seen; yet the fault of these certainly entertaining volumes is their very desultory style: at least one-third of the pages might have been very well compressed into the remainder, to the great improvement of the whole. Still, however, there is much to amuse in the descriptions and the animated narratives of the *Recollections of our Pedestrian*. The following scene is at least *raisonnable* :—

"The kitchen in which I found myself was full of persons dressed in their best and gayest apparel, in honour of the opening of the new year. There were the female peasants with their broad, black hat, adorned with little scraps of silver lace, their smart spenser, and gorgeous petticoat; while their male companions, on their part, by the display of their gayest stockings and vests, seemed determined not to be outdone in finery. They saluted me as I entered with the "*Bon jour, monsieur*," and the hostess came hastily forward to ask my pleasure.

"My breakfast! my breakfast!" I exclaimed. "I have a wolf's hunger, my good woman; one does not walk from Marseilles without getting an appetite."

"Ma foi, vous avez raison," replied mine hostess; "you must have left Marseilles *de grand matin*."

"Oh, pretty well," I replied, "but I am a tolerable walker; and here is my breakfast—allons, to business."

"I placed myself at a table in a corner of the kitchen, which appeared to serve for 'parlour and hall,' and commenced a determined attack upon some lamb chops which were set before me. I occasionally encouraged myself by a tumbler of the excellent wine of the country, and looked round upon the rest of the company with the sort of innate contempt which a man feels for those who have already breakfasted, while he himself is entranced in all its delights."

"I had despatched a second plate of chops, and was winding up my offensive operations with some cheese, when I heard the well-known cracking of the postilion's whip, which was succeeded by the rattling of a carriage that drove up to the door of the inn. There was no mistaking the country from whence it came, nor the nation of its inmates. On the box sat a footman in a decided English livery-coat, looking as John-like as if he were just stepping down from the coach-box in Baker Street. Down he got, however, at Aubagne

instead of that illustrious street, and proceeded to open the carriage-door. Forthwith there alighted a young gentleman, and he was immediately followed by an elderly one, who was bedcloaked and *behandkerchiefed* as if he had alighted from the Glasgow mail-coach at the sound of 'Breakfast, sir, if you please, sir.' But, alas! a very different sort of reception awaited him here, from that which the well-carpeted, well-warmed, well-waitered room of an English inn presents.

"John," said the elderly gentleman, "look to the trunks;" and John cast as sharp an eye around him, upon the crowd which had collected to see the *voiture Angloise*, as if he were just entering London at dusk by Hyde Park Corner.

"The two gentlemen then came into the inn, and the young man demanded *une chambre*."

"There is only this one," replied my friend the hostess; "but as messieurs can join the other monsieur, at this table," pointing to me, "*et comme cela, tout ira bien*."

"The two gentlemen had not observed me before, but upon my being thus pointed out, they glanced at me rather superciliously, and the old one said:—"*Nous voulons déjeuner tout seul*," &c. &c."

"I instantly foresaw what would be the consequence of this blunder, the word which he had substituted for the real one being in its sound so like another, which means *drunk*. The whole population of Aubagne, who had flocked to the door and into the house, immediately exclaimed in an unanimous roar of laughter, "*Les Anglois veulent se souler! Les Anglois veulent se souler!*"

"The more polite inhabitants of the very frequented towns upon the much-travelled roads, would never have been guilty of this unceremonious mirth; they would have immediately comprehended where the error lay, and, with a sly glance at one another, have held their tongues. But the rough, fierce Provençal is a very different animal from the Norman or the Picard."

"Here I must accuse myself of a great piece of deceit. I had passed myself off in the house for a Frenchman, and the scene which was now commencing about me placed me rather in an awkward dilemma; for I saw the younger of the travellers look mightily incensed at the merriment which the mistake of his elderly companion had excited, and I knew that a Provençal would not bear being threatened or menaced with a stick, which the young man seemed disposed to put into activity."

"Now, should any contest take place, I should be inevitably compelled to take some part or other, and the most natural seemed that of my countrymen; the consequence would be, that we should be worsted, arrested, and I be detected in my fraud."

"The elderly man, however, shewed more forbearance than I had hoped or expected, and, checking the arm of his companion, said, 'Never mind, never mind, James; let the damned French rascals alone, and let us make the best of the matter.'"

"Accordingly, they established themselves at a separate table, and their breakfast was despatched quietly enough. They then called for their bill; but now began the real war of words. My elderly friend, though he could bear being laughed at, seemed quite incapable of putting up with imposition, and such he considered the *mémoire* which was laid before him by the bowing hostess."

"Comment!" he began, *out cela! c'est*

un abominable honte, et j'irai avant le magistrat; and having uttered this incensed threat, he and his companion rose, and throwing the bill upon the floor, the angry elderly gentleman took forth his purse, and holding up half the sum demanded, as I perceived from a glance towards the bill, said, '*Voulez vous accepter ceci ?*'

"The unintelligible language which he had at first made use of, was now sufficiently explained by his last words and actions, and the hostess screamed out—'I take that! no; not a *liard* less than my *mémoire*;' and, turning to me, she said, '*C'est joli, n'est pas, monsieur, for messieurs who travel in their carriage to marchander like Jews? Milords, indeed! I think the English are all running away from debt from their own country, for they march-ant plus que nous autres François.*'

"This sudden appeal to me was far from being agreeable, especially as I observed that the Englishman eyed me with that peculiar look which says, 'I am sure you are a countryman.' And I was not mistaken; for the elderly man coming towards me, said, 'Are you not an Englishman, sir?'

"'Sir!' I answered, anxious to affect ignorance of his meaning. But he again made the same demand; and thus questioned, I had no alternative, and I was compelled to reply in the affirmative.

"Then pray, sir, do tell us what we ought to do?"

"Why, sir, I should recommend you to pay the bill; for if you apply to the magistrate or mayor, as he is called, you will get no redress. Do you see that man standing close to the landlady and whispering to her?—that is the person to whom your complaint would be made—you may judge with what success.'

"My advice seemed to persuade him: so laying down the rest of the money upon the table, he grumbled out—'*Là, madame—vous n'aurez pas le costume de mes amis*;' come, James;' and making me a bow, they got into their carriage and cracked off; while I hastened to depart also, under all the circumstances of the case."

This will shew our author's too great fondness for interlarding his narrative with phrases in another tongue:—it is wonderfully weak to make French nouns agree with English verbs in the same sentence:—books should be French or English!—Our next extract, though in a different style, is a curious picture of a Catholic ceremony.

"The peasants, who were fast collecting together, were about to proceed to Nice upon an interesting and solemn business. The bishop of the province had appointed that day for the confirmation of all those young persons who had arrived at a sufficient age to understand and rightly receive this privilege; and from all the surrounding villages the youthful male and female peasants were about to flock to the bishop's feet. At Drappo, then, whither we are more particularly called upon to turn our attention, the whole population, both young and old, were preparing to follow the general impulse, and the parents were about to conduct their children to this second baptism.

"Dressed in white, their glossy hair bound together with a silk fillet or net, and fastened above their heads with a silver pin, their bosoms decked with flowers, and a cross hanging round their necks, the fair Piedmontese maidens stood at the door of the *paroisse*, each with her prayer-book and certificate from the curé of having properly prepared herself. At a little distance appeared the young men in their short

vests, their blue belts and stockings, their hair tied up behind, and each wearing a fresh bouquet. They also had their books and the requisite certificate.

"*Allons! allons! mes enfans,*' cried the curé, who now made his appearance—'*Allons: it is time to be going; those oranges up there begin to glitter, and my little flock here must not be behind their neighbours.*'

"Placing himself, then, at the head of the peasants, who formed themselves into pairs, the parish priest led the way along the banks of the Paglion towards the city. The other side of the river presented a similar spectacle to that which contained our party from Drappo; and along the various paths which wound up among the olive-coloured heights, might be seen the white garments and nets of the girls glancing among the almond trees, which grew in profusion around. The Paglion, a wild mountain-torrent, was nearly dry—an unusual occurrence; as it generally happened during the spring, that the heavy rains which prevailed at that season caused it to swell to an alarming size, when it had frequently occasioned great damage. Such was not now likely to be the case; and our youthful procession, followed by nearly all the population of Drappo, arrived in safety at the gates of La Santa Maria.

"This was an ancient, clumsy edifice, with no beauty of architecture, or peculiar hereditary sanctity, to distinguish it from any other old church. It was now rendered as smart and costly-looking as the scanty revenues of the chapter allowed; and this effect was without difficulty attained, to the eyes at least of the peasantry, by a profusion of crimson silk damask, bordered with a golden fringe, which was hung upon the walls all round the church. At the upper end was a throne of the same materials, surmounted by a canopy, upon the top of which was placed a gilded mitre. The high altar was decorated with flowers and tall lighted tapers; a rich carpet, presented by the King of Sardinia, covered its steps; and a large image of the Santa Maria, the patron of the church, was placed in a conspicuous station, in a beautifully embroidered dress, said to be the work of the hands of one of the young princesses. A galaxy of wax tapers, with their little twinkling flames, surrounded the figure, and upon the pavement at her feet knelt a few mariners, who, upon the point of embarking among the dangers of plague and pirate, were imploring the protection of their patron, whom they saw but on these great days.

"The village deputations entered the church one after the other, and ranged themselves down the centre aisle, the girls on the one side, and the young men, or rather perhaps boys, on the other. They all then commenced singing a hymn appropriated to the ceremony, [of which there is a translation, not worth quoting.]

"This hymn the young persons continued during some time to chant, in expectation of the entrance of the bishop. And, presently, the ringing of a small bell, and a sudden burst from the full pipes of the organ, announced that the prelate was approaching. A door which led into the sacristy was thrown open, and two youths made their appearance, each carrying a lofty wax taper, in a massive silver candlestick. They were followed by a priest, bearing the censor, from which he occasionally dispensed rich clouds of incense. Then came a second priest, holding the tall silver crosier, immediately before the bishop, who, dressed in purple silk, and bearing his mitre upon his head, walked between two of the canons.

"At the period in which these circumstances

occurred, which was towards the beginning of the French Revolution, the piety and bigotry of the people of Nice were much greater than they are now, since the occupation of that territory by the French. Their customs and manners, likewise, were more Italian than they are at the present day, though even now they are much more so than those of the French side of the Var. So that when this sacred train entered the church, and the bishop, slowly ascending the steps of the altar, turned round to bestow his blessing upon the crowd, they all knelt, and received it in that submissive posture.

"The high mass was now sung, and at its conclusion, the prelate, descending from the altar, and preceded in the same order as before, commenced his pastoral duty. The young creatures knelt down, and the bishop dipping his finger into some holy oil which an assistant at his side carried, he first anointed the forehead of the acolyte, as it were, and then gave him or her a slight tap upon the cheek. This, in my opinion, is far from equalling in its beautiful solemnity and tenderness the laying of hands upon the accepted Christian, as is practised by the bishops of the English church. There is something flippant and undignified in the sort of fillip which is bestowed upon the Roman Catholic youth in this most interesting ceremony.

"After the bishop had passed through, and confirmed all his flock, he returned to the altar, and an attendant presented him, upon his knees, with a silver basin, containing some perfumed water, in which he dipped his hands to free them from the oil. He then pronounced, in a loud voice, that he granted forty days of indulgence to all those who had assisted with piety at the confirmation, as also to those who were charged with the education of the young confirmed. He then retired through the kneeling crowd, while the organ thundered out the *Veni Creator*."

These quotations will, we think, shew that our author has not walked from Dan to Beersheba only to find all barren; but has certainly made use both of his powers of amusement and information.

Histoire Générale, Physique, et Civile, de l'Europe, &c. A General, Physical, and Civil History of Europe, from the Close of the Fifth to the Middle of the Eighteenth Century. By Count de Lacépède, Peer of France, Member of the Institute, of the Royal Society of London, &c. &c. 18 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1826. Mame.

THE discovery of the lost portions of Cicero or Tacitus could hardly be hailed with greater pleasure than that testified by many in the learned world on finding that M. de Lacépède had left an immense body of history ready for publication. It was a circumstance so totally unexpected, that at first many doubted whether the work had not been attributed to him as a passport to the public; but the respectability of the publisher, and the MS. itself, soon dissipated all doubt on the subject.

We have often heard it regretted that the elegant and learned continuator of Buffon should have abandoned the paths of science for the fairy regions of romance and the charms of musical composition, in neither of which did he excel; but we now find that what was fancied to be the occupation of his life, was merely the *délassement* of a mind sedulously employed in multifarious and profound researches. They served, too, as a blind to conceal the silent operations of the historian, who was labouring for posterity.

Count de Lacépède was not indifferent to the voice of fame; and it has therefore become a matter of wonder with many that he should have left so important a work to be published after his death. By those personally acquainted with the author, this mystery is easily explained. His mind was formed in Nature's gentlest mould: dignified, elegant, mild, and gentle, he was so unwilling to wound, that he clothed even a refusal with a better grace than many would grant a favour. This did not arise from want of nerve, or weakness of character, but from the most refined urbanity. Yet his habitual politeness to all never betrayed him into a compromise of what he felt to be his duty. On great occasions, he rose, like Cicero, with his subject, and threw the mantle of eloquence over the great truths which he would not disguise. Many examples of this fact might be given, but we will only select one, in his speech to Napoleon, at the head of the senate, on the 12th Jan., 1814:—"We combat," said he, "between the tombs of our fathers and the cradles of our children. Obtain peace, sire, by an effort worthy of you and the French, and permit that hand, so often victorious, to drop the sword, after having signed the repose of the world."

Peace and good-will towards man were the leading features in the character of M. de Lacépède. Thence, in order to avoid the angry discussions which might arise from his having exercised his judgment in the record of facts with the firmness and severity of a Tacitus, and having resolved not to sacrifice his conscience as an historian to the complaisance of the courtier,—he deferred his work till he was himself beyond the bounds of controversy or censure—determined that under his pen History should be the mirror of the past, in which the present may be reflected, and the future contemplated. A friend to civil and religious freedom, those principles predominate in every page of his work; and he constantly shews what evils have arisen to empires and society, where they have been trampled on. M. Lacépède knew that such lessons would not be palatable to any of the governments under which he lived; he therefore bequeathed his lasting labours to posterity.

To the first volume is prefixed a Preliminary Discourse: it is a model of fine writing, and displays the great mind of the author in an admirable manner. As a view of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, it may cope with Gibbon and Montesquieu, whose observations he has embodied with his own. We cannot explain the design of the author better than in his own words.

"I have laboured for many years on a history of the ages of nature, and the natural history of the human species; and consequently on the picture of the progress of civilisation. The subject is immense: it extends from the origin of the celestial bodies, and particularly since the formation of the earth, to the present state of our globe. It comprehends the whole space of time: and to embrace it as a whole, the mind ought to place itself at such an elevation, that the grand masses alone can strike it; the details disappear: yet even then they may inspire great interest, and become the objects of important observations.

"I have selected in the lapse of ages a space of time long enough to include a series of memorable events, linked to each other by moral or physical causes, the most worthy of the meditation of man, and nevertheless circumscribed by limits sufficiently compact to enable us to seize the whole course of events, without losing sight of any of the more remarkable.

"In order the better to accomplish this object, it was necessary that these events should happen on a portion of the globe of not too great an extent. I therefore selected Europe for the theatre—that part of the world so favoured by nature, and rendered so illustrious by the genius of man: and for the period, that which embraces the decline of letters, and the progress of darkness; the almost total destruction of civilisation, its successive revivals, its improvement, until its complete development in our own times.

"As we descend, if I may so express it, towards this portion of the great whole, it becomes itself immense: the details which escaped us on account of their distance, are now apparent; the summits alone are now no longer tinged with rays of light; the obscurity of the intervals which separate them is dissipated, and the light colours every object.

"The history of this period commences at the close of the fifth century, when the Franks over-ran Gaul,—and only stops at the events which filled the second half of the last century. It comprises 1300 years. It embraces the fall of the Roman empire; the incursions of the Barbarians of the North, over-running Europe, devastating with fire and sword wherever they went, disputing with each other the shattered remains of Europe, and combating amidst the ruins of the power of those who had commanded the world, alternately victors or vanquished, severally dispersing, and led by the chances of war from one extremity of Europe to the other. Agitated by political tempests, the thickening shades of ignorance followed in their rear, mingling, confounding, and overthrowing all civil institutions, repulsing the light which came to us from the East, and obliged at length to yield to the irresistible power, but so long counterbalanced, of science, letters, arts, wisdom, and all the gifts of the human mind.

"This contest, so durable and so extensive, may be considered as a grand *epopée*, in which the interest of the alternatives increase at every moment. Indeed, what a drama does this field present! when we find perpetual struggles of every sentiment that can agitate the human species. All the vehemence of the primitive passions, of those of which nature alone lights the flame; all the violence of the savage character; all the nobility of the most praiseworthy inclinations; all the noble daring and all the devotion of heroism. Savage instinct and ferocious courage, sublime valour and celestial virtue; all the contrasts of human sentiment; all the effects of the most terrible movements, the most spirited attacks, the most obstinate defences, the most enterprising ambition, and the most generous sacrifices. All the power of grand masses. Human nature on the stage of action, all the degrees of its debasement, all the shades of its restoration, and all the splendour of its exalted state of improvement."

We have given this exordium of M. de Lacépède at full length, as it displays the enthusiasm which his subject inspires. History demands a more sober style; and as he proceeds, our author moderates his tone to the tempered dignity requisite in the detail of facts. The school of Buffon, captivated by the charms of eloquence and its founder, was often more brilliant than solid. M. de Lacépède sometimes gives a higher colouring to events than another would do; but we do not perceive that he has in any one case sacrificed truth to eloquence.

As a naturalist, he combines in his view the physical and political world, and endeavours to assign to natural or geographical limits the various revolutions that have taken

place. We think he attaches too much importance to this doctrine to establish it as a system. There is no doubt that soil and climate greatly influenced the grand emigrations and predatory excursions of the hordes of barbarians who inundated Western Europe in the first centuries of the Christian era, until they permanently settled there: but we at the same time consider the remote conquests of the Romans to be the grand and primitive cause of those events which changed the face of the world. The Roman armies, by their conquests, taught the nations they subdued the road to Rome, by which they eagerly profited the first moment a reaction was possible: for if a Roman army could march to Scythia, why might not a Scythian army march to Rome? especially when, as our author observes, "the senate was filled with barbarians—the Roman blood was mingled with theirs—the ancient system of education was destroyed—patriotism forgotten—public opinion degraded—national pride almost ridiculous,—and, that every thing might concur to drag the Colossus into the abyss, foreign lands bore the Roman eagles."

"Now, had a different system been pursued, had Rome, instead of aiming at universal empire, known how to bound her ambition, these barbarian hordes of Asia and Northern Europe would most probably have remained at home, in ignorance of 'the eternal city,' and the same of Roman: they would neither have had injuries to avenge, nor the yoke of slavery, to throw off, nor would their cupidity have been awakened by the hope of possessing the concentrated treasures of the world."

It was thus that Napoleon, by penetrating into Russia, opened the road to Paris to the Cossacks; the least result of which was his being precipitated from the throne. They have now learnt that the banks of the Rhine and the Seine are more delightful than those of the Don and the Volga; and that in Western Europe the peasantry have a political existence, and are not transferable, like cattle, with the soil: and under an ambitious leader they would all like to exchange the frozen regions of the North for the land of wine and oil, and the genial warmth of a southern sun.

It is thus that aggression begets resistance—the oppressed at length has the sentiment of his own strength—great names no longer impose upon him—and he watches the propitious moment to retaliate with tenfold vengeance on his enemy.

M. de Lacépède examines what was the physical state of Europe at the commencement of the period of which he is the historian. "It was," he observes, "divided, as at present, into two grand national basins, the southern and the northern." He considers the Mediterranean as the centre of the former, and includes in it all the countries watered by the rivers which flow into the Archipelago, the Black Sea, and the Caspian Sea, and, consequently, comprises the north of Africa, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, a large portion of Russia, of Europe, the Ukraim, Bessarabia, Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, Rometia, Macedonia, Greece, Epirus, Dalmatia, Hungary, Austria, Bavaria, the Tyrol, all Italy, and Southern Spain.

"Let us pass the limits of this immense space, in which all the waters, save those which flow into the Caspian Sea, communicate with the ocean by the Mediterranean and the Straits of Gibraltar.

"Commencing by these Straits, and entering Africa, we find, near Velez, the continuation of the chain of mountains on which Gibraltar stands, and which a great catastrophe has

broken at the place where the ocean and the Mediterranean now unite their waves. This chain, which comprehends the Atlas, extends, with slight interruptions, to the hills or mountains which confine the Nile on the west, and, stretching beyond the sources of that river, descend to the shores of the Mediterranean, extending to Syria, in passing to the east of the Aronte."

Our limits do not permit us to follow our author through this interesting geo-political dissertation. The two grand basins he divides into eighteen smaller ones, and very ingeniously assigns to each its distinct share in the political convulsions of Europe. "The basin of the Loire," he observes, "offers, particularly in the course of this history, several examples of the utility of a clear determination of the limits given by nature to the different basins of rivers, to understand, expose, develop, and in a manner properly explain the frequently complex chain of historical events; and consequently to draw from it the important lessons which these events afford, as to the direction of public affairs, the happiness of nations, and that of individuals."

We repeat it—this theory is highly ingenious, and M. de Lacépède draws from it many curious results in proof of his premises: but geographical divisions have long ceased to give the law to political divisions. When countries were covered with forests, the intersection of rivers, over which art had not yet learnt to throw bridges, those rivers formed natural limits; but this state of things has long ceased—cultivation has opened paths for an army in every part of a country—rivers are become roads to facilitate its progress—and the ocean itself no longer presents a barrier to human ambition.

In another article we shall give an analysis of the historical part of the Preliminary Discourse, in which we shall establish the claim of M. de Lacépède to the rank of one of the first, most careful, and most accurate historians of any age and country.

Conybeare's Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry. [Second Notice.]

In the rude early times to which this poetry belongs, the state of society denied to the Bard a multitude of those themes upon which his successors have revelled in full luxuriance, and founded immortal fables. Woman, the dearest source of inspiration, was then an inferior creature, and not a companion. Some of the high, it is true, partook of the pageantries of their fierce lords; but the sexes were not associated in sweet communion, there was no interchange of equal loves; man was an adventurous barbarian almost continually in action, and woman a drudge or a ready devotee, as her lot happened to be cast with the soldier or the priest. War and Religion are, and we could not expect it to be otherwise, the only subjects of which the Poets of the North of Europe sing during the several centuries which elapse between our first knowledge of their compositions and the period when the refinements of chivalry began to awaken a degree of attention and romantic gallantry toward the better part of creation. From the seventh to the twelfth or thirteenth century, we may say, there is no whispering or breathing of love in the whole *corpus poetarum* of these regions; assuredly there is none in the specimens rescued from oblivion by Mr. Conybeare and the other literary antiquaries in this branch of inquiry, for whose researches the public is so much bound to them.

What they had of nature in them, and may have expressed in perishable ballads or slight poems, has not floated down the stream of time to us: Adhelm wrote two hundred years before Alfred; and William of Malmesbury mentions compositions of this kind as being popular, but of their precise character we are ignorant: let us hope that they lauded the few social virtues which did exist, and described such domestic manners as there were. What a relief they would be to the constant clang of arms and din of battle, exploits of warriors, overthrow of dragons, a sanguinary mythology, and stern and ruthless scenes of relaxation! Canute the Great, in the eleventh century, gives us some idea of this improvement in civilised life, but still monks and their enjoyments are his topics.

The earliest mention of Saxon poetry which antiquaries have been able to discover, occurs in the fourth book of Bede's Ecclesiastical History. The twenty-fourth chapter of that book is occupied by an account of the poetical talents and exemplary piety of Cædmon, a monk of the Abbey of Streonshale in Northumbria.

Bede's account of him throws a curious light upon the habits of the age. Cædmon, who has been styled the Saxon Homer, was, he tells us, "to an advanced period of life so totally ignorant of verse, that being accidentally present at a feast where the guests sang in their turn *latitæ causâ*, so soon as he saw the harp approach himself, he quitted the table abruptly, and retired to his own home. In the course of the ensuing night he dreamt that a stranger accosted and requested him to sing: he pleaded his inability, adding, that on account of that inability he had retired from his friend's table. 'You have the power,' shortly replied the stranger. 'What, then,' asked the cowerd, (for Cædmon's occupation was no other) 'would you have me sing?' 'The Creation,' returned the stranger: and Cædmon found himself immediately enabled to compose and sing a short poem on that subject, which, on waking, he fully retained in his memory. A circumstance so remarkable could not long be concealed from the superiors of the monastery, in whose service he seems to have been employed; and after some further trial of his powers, he was persuaded to adopt their habit and dedicate himself entirely to the composition of religious poetry."

From the example which Alfred has preserved to us of this sleep-wrought poem, it does not seem (except for the miracle) to merit a very high encomium.—*Ex. gr.*

"Now should we all* heaven's guardian King exalt,
The power and counsel of our Maker's will,
Father of glorious works, eternal Lord,
He from of old established the origin
Of every varied wonder. First he shaped,
For us the sons of earth, heaven's canopy,
Holy Creator. Next this middle realm,
This earth, the boundless guardian of mankind,
The everlasting Lord, for mortals framed,
Ruler omnipotent."

All this, which occupies eighteen lines in the original, is nothing more than the proposition, "Let us praise God, the Maker of heaven and earth," expanded in the usual style of Anglo-Saxon poetry.

The "Song of the Traveller," mentioned in our preceding Number as one of the MS. treasures given by Leofric to Exeter Cathedral, is probably of a yet more ancient origin, (by a continental writer of the 5th century, it is supposed), and is, moreover, remarkable as being the work of a professed Scald or Minstrel.

"As it preserves (says our author) the only contemporary picture on record (at least in

* "The words printed in italics are such as do not occur in the original."

Saxon poetry) of such a character, and contains a singular enumeration of many tribes and sovereigns whose very existence, in some cases, has now no other memorial, it appeared desirable to submit the whole to the antiquarian student. To the lover of poetry it has perhaps but little that will recommend it. For the greater part it exhibits scarcely more than a dry catalogue of names, enlivened by a few allusions to traditional history, which, from the absence of all collateral documents, are highly obscure; and the more intelligible relation of his own success in commanding the applause and munificence of kings and nobles."

The paraphrase which Mr. Conybeare has given us bears a striking resemblance to Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. We quote a portion:—

"Long was the time, and joyous all,
Spent in Hermaric's high hall;
And well, full well, where'er he strays
The Bard his grateful voice may raise
In Hermaric's exhaustless praise.
Well may he sing, from land to land,
The Gothic monarch's bounteous hand:
No common gift was his; to frame
The bracelet that he had me claim,
Six hundred scillings full were told,
Scillings of the virgin gold.
The Bard his home regale'd, and soon
Edgils bore that precious boon:
And Edgils, Mergla's noble theme,
Repaid the gift with rich domain.
Noble was Edgils' gift, yet more
Alhilda added to the store:
Edwin's daughter, bounteous queen,
Unchanged through many a varying scene,
The Bard has blest her fostering love.
And still, where'er condemn'd to rove,
Well may he sing that matchless dame,
Of all that bear a royal name,
First to dispense, with bounty free,
To grateful vassals land and fee.

'Twas when great Edgils had the minstrel throng
For high reward assay the rival song,—
Sweet arose the vocal strain,

And sweet the harp's responsive tone;
But soon confest each listening theme,
The lay that pleased was mine alone.
I traversed then the Goli's domain,
And dwelt in Hermaric's high tower:
Of all that held an earthly reign,
Best in arms, and first in power.
The time would fall me, should I sing
Of every thane and every king
That in my wanderings far and long
Has loved my harp and paid my song:
Ere Myrgla saw the Bard again
Return to swell her Edwin's train.

Full oft the battle-field I sought,
Where Wulfhere, leagued with Wymhere,
Fought,

'Gainst Ælth's lawless sons contending,
Their ancient seat of power defending:
Where loud and long the temper'd sword
Rung on the rounded target board.
Befits it too my song should name
Wudga and Hama's warrior fame:
Strong in their brotherhood they bore
Dismay and death around,

Where routed foes in wild uproar
Or fled or strew'd the reeking ground;
And wreathed gold, and kingly spoil,
Repaid full well their gallant toil.
So sped the Bard, by kings and heroes sought,
And wide as o'er the nations still he roved,
One constant truth his long experience taught,
'Who loves his people is alone beloved.'

Thus north and south, where'er they roam,
The sons of song still find a home,
Speak unapproved their wants, and raise
Their grateful lay of thanks and praise.
For still the chief, who seeks to grace
By fairest fame his pride of place,
Withholds not from the sacred Bard
His well-earn'd praise and high reward.
But free of hand, and large of soul,
Where'er extends his wide control,
Unnumber'd gifts his princely love proclaim,
Unnumber'd voices raise to heaven his princely name."

* "The tone of this flattering picture of the honour paid by the Gothic tribes to the Muses and their votaries, will remind the classical reader of that in which the early bards of Greece were accustomed to speak of themselves, their pretensions, and their rewards. (Conf. *Homer. Odyss. de Phæbo et Demodoco*, l. 1. and 8. *Herod. Epym.* l. 666. and *Pind. Olymp.* l. 1. 24.) Other times and other manners at length sorely reduced the estimation and pride of the minstrel.—(See *Percy's Reliques*, vol. 1. pref. p. 215.)

The Anglo-Saxon poem of "Beowulf the Dane," containing a history of his great exploits, is perhaps still more interesting, as the earliest composition of a heroic kind extant in any language of modern or rather barbarous Europe. The MS., apparently of the 10th century, was fortunately saved from the fire which consumed so great a part of the Cotton Library; and, like the Sibyl leaves, is the more valuable on that account.

Hrothgar the son of Healfdene, a Christian king, somewhere in the west of Denmark, is living in splendour, till assailed by Grendel, a *Jute*, and invulnerable magician, one of the gigantic descendants of Cain, of whom came the Jutes, Ylfes, and Ormeas.† Beowulf, the thane of Higela, and a daring warrior, sails to aid the persecuted successor of Healfdene; and his voyage of two days, and reception by Hrothgar, are well painted. The colloquies between men armed and unknown to each other, (who thus speak as it were in masquerade) has a singular effect. Beowulf and his fifteen companions are treated with the utmost hospitality; and Beowulf says—

"Thou Hrothgar, hail!
I am the thane and kin of Higela;
One that have master'd in my day of youth
Full many a deed of gallant enterprise.
And now in mine own country have I heard
Bruited by loud report the Grendel's wrong:
For strangers told, that, soon as evening's light
Beneath Heaven's vault sought its deep hiding-place,
Thy princely bower all emptied of its guests
Stood useless. Then this valiant band and wise,
Counsel'd that I should seek thee at thy need;
For they best knew my prowess, they had seen me,
What time I came dead-dyed in hostile gore:
From dread and perilous war; then in one night
With handy grasp I quell'd five savage Jutes,
And plunged them howling in the ocean waves.
And now with Grendel, with that guilty one,
Fend though he be, alone will I assay
The mortal strife."

"I have heard
That that foul miscreant's dark and shufloven flesh
Racks not the force of arms—such I forewarn:
Nor sword nor burnish'd shield of ample round
Ask for the war; all weaponless, hand to hand
(So may great Higela's smile repay my toil),
Beowulf will grapple with this nightly fiend.
There, as Heaven's righteous judgment shall award,
One of us falls."

"Should that fate be mine,
Give to its earthy grave my blood-stain'd corse,

and fill.) Of the state of degradation which in later days was the lot of all those who followed this unprofitable trade, the following rimes (preserved in one of the Ashmoleen MSS.) afford a melancholy specimen. They are the production of Richard Sheale, the author of the older ballad of Chevy Chase (see *Percy's Rel.* vol. 1. p. 2. and *British Bibliographer*, vol. 3. p. 3).

"Now for the good cheer that Y have had heere,
I gve you harte thanks, with bowying off my shankes.
Desyring you be petycyon to graunte me suche com-
mission,
Because my name ys Sheale, that both by meate & meale
To you I maye resorte, sun tyme to mye comforte.
For I penvie here at all tymis is good chere.
Both ale, wyne and beere, as hit dothe nowe apere.
I penvie wythoute fable ye kepe a good table,
Some tyme I wyl be your gaste, or els I were a boaste,
Kynwage off your mynde, yif I wolde not be so kynde,
Sun tyme to tast your cuppe, & wyth you dyne & suppe.
I can be contente, yf hit be of Lente,
A pence off byrle to take, mye hunger to aslake.
Bothe mutton & veile ys gode for Rycharde Sheale.
Thoghe I look so grave, I were a veri knave
Yf I wolde thyneke skorne, ethar even or morne,
Beyng in hongar, of freshe samon or konger.
I desyre you alwaye, marke what I do saye,
Althoghe I be a ranger, to taye me as no stranger.
I am a yonge begumier, & when I taye a dyner,
I can fynde yn my hart wyth my frende to taye a part
Off such as God shal sende, & thus I mayk an ende;
Now farewell, good myn oste, I thanke youe for yowre coste,
Untill another tyme, & thus do I ende my ryme."

R. SHEALE.

"The lover of early poetry may compare these with the exquisite farewell of the minstrel commencing, "Now *Fires and bonfires bide and blythe*, published by Ritson from the Vernon MSS. (*Ancient Songs*, p. 44.)"

"The early inhabitants of the Cimbric Chersonese seem to have been held in hatred and dread by their Gothic neighbours."

"Our friends in the Orkneys will not think the hard for this genealogy.—Ed. L. G."

Raise high the mound, where many a passer by
(Within the trench that circling marks the plain)
May swell with pious hand the stony mass
Unsworring—little need with long parade
Of tears to grace the banquet of the dead.
But this, the gorgeous mail that guards my breast,
By Weland's art high temper'd, duly send
To royal Higela. Now, betide what may."

In the feast which follows—

"Hunferth, the son of Eglaf, who is elsewhere described as the orator of Hrothgar, jealous of the prowess of Beowulf, and warmed by liquor, attacks him in a strain of sarcastic railery on his piratical exploits, and prophesies that he will find in the Grendel a less tractable enemy than any he has yet encountered. Beowulf answers in a mild and dignified manner, recounts (perhaps as a kind of set-off against the charge of piracy) his exploits in the destruction of certain ferocious sea monsters, and concludes by insinuating that had the courage and strength of Hunferth been equal to his vanity, the Scylding had long ago been freed from the assaults of Grendel. Their conversation is now terminated by the entrance of Hrothgar and his queen Wealhtheow. The latter bears round with her own hand the mead-cup; and in offering it to Beowulf expresses her gratitude to Heaven and her confidence in his valour."

Beowulf unarmed sleeps amid his companions in the hall, or rather was the only soul awake in the palace.

"When on the moor beneath the hill of mists
The Grendel came—a heaven-abandon'd wretch!—
The foul assassin thought in that high hall
To gorge some human prey."

Soon he reach'd,
A joyless guest, that hall; soon, unopposed,
With giant arm fierce in his wrath dash'd down
Her iron-banded gates; and now he trod
Her chequer'd floor, angry of soul he moved,
A fiendish foe; and flame-like, as he strode,
Shot from his eyes a sad and hideous light.
There might he see the heroes at their rest—
A band of brothers. Then his heart was glad,
For sooth he thought, or e'er the morrow dawn'd,
From each man's corpse to drain the blood of life.
Unhallow'd miscreant!"

Beowulf conquers and destroys the enemy, after a terrible struggle. Rejoicings follow, including horse-racing; the hall is hung with golden embroideries; the mead-cup circulates; the bards sing, and besides presenting the hero with a gold-hilted sword, helmet, spear, breast-plate, and eight well-fed mares, Hrothgar adopts him as his son. On the second night, while sleeping in the hall, having "bed and holster," (not very sober, we imagine), the fiendish mother of Grendel steals in to revenge his death, and succeeds in carrying off Æschere, the favourite of Hrothgar, to her den, which is thus poetically described:—

"There that foul spirit, howling as the wolves,
Holds, by the perilous passage of the fen,
Rude crag, and trackless steep, his dark abode.
There from the besadlong cliff rolls arrowy down
The fiery stream, whose wild and wondrous waves
The frequent and fast-rooted wood o'erhangs,
Shrouding them e'en as with the warrior's helm.
There nightly mayst thou see a sight of dread,
The flood of living flame."

Here Beowulf and a chosen band seek the fiend, and—

"Now paused they sudden where the pine-grove clad
The hoar rock's brow, a dark and joyless shade.
Tribulous and blood-stain'd roll'd the stream below.
Sorrow and dread were on the Scylding's host,
In each man's breast deep working; for they saw
On that rude cliff young Æschere's mangled head.
Now blew the signal horn, and the stout thames
Address'd themselves to battle; for that strand
Was held by many a fell and uncouth foe,
Monster, and worm, and dragon of the deep."

In a sharp contest, many of these extraordi-

* Weland Smith descended among the very latest of our national traditions; and all our readers will remember the excellent use made of it in *Kenilworth*.

nary partisans of the Grendel are destroyed, and dragged to shore; and Beowulf leaps into the flood in quest of the she-devil herself. She drags him to the bottom, and he fights many monsters on his way; at last slays her with a magic sword which he discovers in her vast submarine hold. On re-ascending with the Grendel's head, (which required four stout men to carry it), the sword melts like an icicle. After this, Beowulf returns home to Higela, who rejoices in his achievements, knight's him, and bestows on him a fief with seven thousand vassals: and on the death of Higela and his son, who are slain in battle, he is called on to fill the throne of the Scyldings.

This terminates an Epic of sufficient unity; but there are additions too curious to be passed over, and yet too long for our present sheet. With the leave of our kind readers, therefore, we will sit again to another repeat of Saxon literature.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Rambles of Redbury Rook. By the Author of "The Subaltern Officer." 12mo. G. Wood.

THE author is upon half-pay, extremely discontented, and pretty considerably abusive. Lord Palmerston is, according to his account, the most profligate of ministers, and the Duke of Wellington the most inefficient of commanders. Modest merit is despised every where, and nothing but impudence or sycophancy rises. Besides reforming the army, the writer also favours us with his ideas for reforming the religion of the country: a task for which his vast knowledge seems to fit him exceedingly—only we wonder he could make such a blunder in his *El Dorado*, or new state of things, as to call cochineal a plant.* To be sure, where cochineal trees grow, any church he might like to plant would grow too; and people might gather in congregations just as heretofore in natural science the dye-insect has been wont to cluster on the opuntia!! The book is a sad performance altogether—we can barely get one tolerable piece of common sense for a quotation.

At Dunkirk, Mr. Rook tells us, "Taking a morning's stroll among the villages which environ the town, I observed in the hamlet of Burgh, a large assemblage of human beings from my country; and on inquiring from one of my tribe, I found that they were collected at the door of an English Protestant captain, who, with his wife and family, had taken up their abode at this place; from whence, after a short residence, it pleased God to take the officer to his eternal home. Most of his countrymen, dwelling in the vicinity, were come to pay due honour to his remains, and respect to his afflicted widow, by attending the obsequies about to be performed. It so happened, that the poor widow, in the goodness of her heart, provided a sirloin of beef; and being anxious to have it sufficiently cold, to serve as a collation for her friends on their return from the funeral, placed it outside the garret-window, in a very conspicuous spot, to cool. By this time, a great concourse of people had crowded round the house, to view the ceremonies of a Protestant funeral, it being a novelty to them; when suddenly the meeting was surprised by shouts of laughter and noise among the bystanders, whose eyes were all directed to the house-top. One of the mob, having espied the roast beef, an article so characteristic of English taste, pro-

* Here also grew spontaneously the mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, clove, and all kinds of spices, together with the coffee-plant, cocoa, cotton, cochineal, and many other products equally beneficial."

claimed his opinion, that this prime dish was to be the principal feature in the procession, and put into the coffin with the dead man, to serve as his resurrection dinner, according to what the sapient observer affirmed to be the usual custom of the English. The poor widow, on discovering the cause of all this uproar and mirth, just before the departure of the corpse, at that unlucky moment took in the beef, which the spectators observing, were confirmed in the belief that it was actually to be enclosed in the coffin—consequently, it only served to corroborate the conjecture, and increase the clamour of this strange assemblage. The procession being now about to proceed to the burial-place, and the foregoing story gaining ground, there was scarcely an inhabitant in the village who did not hasten to join the merry party, which converted a ceremony usually solemn and impressive into the most ludicrous scene I ever witnessed. Some facetious persons remarked, that they had better eat the beef in this world; and others inferred that the deceased wished to give old Charon a specimen of English hospitality. All hastened to the grave, anxious to see the end of this strange proceeding; and not finding the meat removed from the place where they believed it to be deposited, they imagined it was interred with the corpse; nor could all the efforts of the good widow ever afterwards convince them to the contrary.

This being the only morsel of the volume which can bear exposition, we shut it, humbly conceiving that the author, if he has failed with the sword, will never succeed with the pen.

Dissertation by Napoleon on the Truths and Opinions which it is of the greatest consequence to impress upon Men, with reference to their Happiness; or his Ideas on the Right of Primogeniture and the Division of Property: followed by some Remarks on his Government, and on his Projects in favour of the Greeks. Published at Paris, by General Gourgard. (From the Revue Encyclopédique.)

THE generals of Napoleon, in various memoirs, which bear the stamp of their devotion, or rather of their fanaticism, for his memory, have told us that he did not surrender himself to the highest ambitious hopes until after the first campaigns in Italy. At twenty-one years of age, when he composed this dissertation, he was, no doubt, like all young persons, under the dominion of those general ideas which at that time governed every one. Thus he professes a great admiration for Raynal; whose lessons, by the by, he did not follow in his political career. Further on, the republican Paoli, his countryman, becomes the object of his praises. In this strange composition it is difficult to detect above two or three sentences which have any relation to the political questions which were agitated in consequence of the law respecting the right of primogeniture. Among numerous sentimental tirades, there are occasional flashes of talent, which appear the more brilliant from being in the midst of vulgar declamation and innumerable errors of taste.

It was not on literature that his organization, and the circumstances of the Revolution, led Napoleon to exercise his intellectual activity, neither was it on the exact sciences. Whatever may have been said on the subject, he was a bad mathematical scholar; and we have the fact from one of his professors. Nature had endowed him with a rare aptitude for politics, considered as the art of managing human beings and great affairs. He was also destined

to extend the science of war; placing strategy on a new basis, by the creation of this fundamental rule—to bear on any given point with the greatest possible force, at one determined instant;—a principle of which he made so many scientific and memorable applications. But that which is the most striking in the history of this extraordinary man, is the vicissitude of fortunes which he experienced.

As for his projects respecting Turkey, it appears to us to be a strange illusion to mistake the cold calculations of his insatiable ambition for philanthropic intentions in favour of the unhappy Greeks. Madame Belloc's last work, "Buonaparte and the Greeks," furnishes in this respect curious information and undeniable facts.

The Poor Man's Friend. H. Stemman.

A SIXPENNY-WORTH of bitter exposure of William Cobbett, in which some good friend of his contrasts him with himself in a most provoking manner. Cobbett, however, is like an eel that has been skinned—you cannot skin him again. If "sensible to feeling," however, we think he must feel this stinging pamphlet.

A Letter from an Alien to Mr. Peel.

No Alien this: he is too genuine a grumbler to be any thing but a sturdy, well-discontented Englishman. He complains grievously of the last softened Alien Act, as being harder than what preceded it. If meant for good, however, the tone is bad: nevertheless, if any of the complaints are well founded they ought to be attended to; for, beyond the strictest necessity, nothing can be so odious to British feelings as police surveillance, passports, restraint upon human actions, and "all these petty miseries of life."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. THE LUSIAD.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—On reading the Review of Mr. Musgrave's faithful Translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens, in the *Gazette* of the 29th July last, I perceived that the writer of that article had not been rightly informed as to the dates of those editions of the *Lusiad* to which he refers. Supposing, therefore, that you will be desirous of correcting what is evidently erroneous, I address this to you.

After mentioning the letter of Mr. Mablin to the Royal Academy at Lisbon, which letter I have lately received from Paris, the author of the Review proceeds to state,—“It is remarkable enough, that the first edition was reprinted about two years after the death of Camoens (1581 or 2); and the second edition received the same honour about twelve years after.” Now the reprint of the first edition took place in 1584, by Manoel de Lyra; and a copy of that edition, which is so rare as not to have been seen by D. José Maria de Souza, or mentioned by Machado in his *Bibliotheca Lusitana*,† is in the British Museum, where I examined it, and the copy of the second edition, previous to the publication of my *Memoirs* of Camoens. The first edition was reprinted again by Manoel de Lyra in 1597;‡ and it was

* We had not seen the letter of Mr. Mablin itself; but took our information from an able continental writer.—*Ed. L. G.*

† 4 vols. folio, Lisbon, 1741-59, a book of considerable rarity, of which I possess a fine set.

‡ I am inclined to believe that the information sent to D. José Maria de Souza, of an edition by Manoel de Lyra in 1591, had reference to the edition of 1584. See *Memoirs of Camoens*, vol. ii. p. 270.

not until 1609 that the reprint of the second edition was published by Domingos Fernandez, from the press of Pedro Crasbeeck at Lisbon.

Camoens died in 1579, therefore it was not until thirty years after that event that the reprint of the second edition was published; being twelve years after the edition of 1597, which is according to what Mr. Mablin sets forth in his letter; and being thirty-seven years after the first appearance of the poem.

I beg to add, that copies of the first edition of the *Lusiad*, 1572, and of the first edition of the *Rimas*, 1595, both of extreme rarity, are in my possession; and that amongst my Portuguese collections are the following editions; besides which there are also, with scarcely a single exception, all the Translations of the *Lusiad* which have ever been published.

Lusiad.—1597—1609—1613—1633—1639—1644—1663—1669—1720—1731-2—1800—1805—1818—1819—1823.

Rimas.—1598—1607—1614—1623—1645—1663—1666-9—1695-9.

Obra.—1759—1772—1779-80—1782-3—1815.

It may be curious to some of your readers to know where so many editions can be referred to, and therefore you may, if you think it worth while, publish the above list.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN ADAMSON.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
Aug. 8th. 1826.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR JULY, AND CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

THE fate of the crops for this year may be considered as decided. The quality of the wheat is on all hands allowed to be excellent, and the quantity at least a medium crop. The spring corn will, there can be little doubt, be deficient in quantity, and probably in some places in quality. Turnips have generally failed; and a second crop of hay is not to be expected: autumnal feed for cattle, however, will be abundant. All accounts agree that there will be a full crop of hops. The fire-blast has been prevalent in some parts of Kent, but not in the other hop counties. Mangold Wurzel, where it was sown early, has succeeded; as has the white turnip, where it was sown late: but on the whole a great deficiency of root crop, the carrot and turnip included, is anticipated. It deserves to be mentioned, that where turnip fields have been brought early into fine tilth, and the raised drill system followed, the crop has been successful. This is always the practice in the turnip counties of the North, and the crop there fails much seldom than southwards of York.

The operations for August are chiefly harvesting, horsehoing, and the preparation of fallows; operations of great importance in the field, however insignificant it may appear to mention them on paper.

GARDENING REPORT, &c.

THE dry weather of June, and the greater part of July, has occasioned a very defective bloom, and produced a scarcity of most culinary vegetables. Subsequent rains will benefit autumnal crops; and if moisture be accompanied by heat, many perennial plants and some shrubs will flower a second time. Many trees and shrubs, notwithstanding the drought, have flowered remarkably well this season, the dry weather of last year having been favourable for the production of blossom buds. The Arboretum at Kew has been a standing example of what we here assert, during the whole of the season.

The last fine trees that we saw in bloom there were Stuartia, Magnolia, and Koeleruteria.

The gardening operations for August are chiefly of the routine kind, but a main crop of turnips may be sowed in the first week; and in the second, cabbages may be transplanted, to come into use in November and December. Cabbages should also be sown in the first or second week, to transplant in September, for an early spring crop. The main crop of winter spinage is also sown about the middle of this month, and salading should be put in the ground every fortnight. This is a good season for making a plantation of strawberries; but most gardeners prefer the spring, for the sake of a crop of onions, which are obtained on the same ground.

The phlox and the dahlia are the flowers of this month, as the carnation and the rose were of the month preceding, and the chrysanthemum will be of that following.

DRAGONS AND MONSTROUS SERPENTS OF ANTIQUITY, &c.—[Continued.]

9. *The astronomical legend is applied to celebrated persons; history is corrupted for that purpose.*—Eterlin, the historian of Struth of Winkelried, transferred to William Tell the adventure of the apple, which Saxo Grammaticus, who wrote above a century before Tell's birth, had already told of a Danish archer, of the name of Toko. Eterlin seems to have undertaken to imprint the character of history on the religious fables and on the traditions imported from another country into his own. He wrote under the influence of popular belief, and nothing is more habitual to the common people than to apply to the persons who are well known to them all the histories and all the tales which they have learned. Winkelried and Tell were to the Swiss peasants, what Alexander has been and still is in the East. To the name of the King of Macedon the inhabitants of Asia attach a thousand recollections anterior to his existence, or evidently borrowed from mythology. The Paladin Roland has enjoyed similar honour in the West, which the names of several places still attest. In celebrating Roland, the conqueror of the Orca, of the sea-monster about to devour a young female, Ariosto, as in a thousand other passages of his poem, has probably done nothing more than copy and embellish a tradition of preceding ages. A person whose existence and glory have nothing fabulous in them, has nevertheless become, like Roland, the hero of a fable which makes him the rival of Hercules and of Perseus. Petrarch followed Laura to the chase; they arrived near a cavern tenanted by a dragon, the terror of all the country. Less hungry than amorous, the dragon pursued Laura; Petrarch flies to the succour of his mistress, combats the monster, and poniards him. The sovereign pontiff not being disposed to allow a picture of the triumph of love to appear in a holy place, Simon of Sienna, a friend of the poet's, eluded the papal prohibition, and painted this adventure under the portal of the church of Notre Dame, at Avignon. He gave Laura the attitude of a supplicating virgin, and Petrarch the costume of St. George, arming him, however, with a poniard instead of a lance. Time has ruined the work, but has not enfeebled the tradition, which is now told as an historical fact. In examining traditions, we do not always lay sufficient stress on the inclination of an ignorant man to discover every where the fables which occupy the chief place in his faith. To accomplish that object, he will pervert his recollections, whether by attri-

bute to any person what never happened to him, or by introducing the wonders of invention into history. The story of Petrarch affords an example of the first kind of alteration; we need not go out of our subject to find one of the second kind. A Swedish prince caused to be fostered, near his daughter Thora, two serpents, who were to be the guardians of her virginity. Arrived at an immeasurable size, these monsters spread death around them by their pestilential breath. The king, in despair, promised the hand of his daughter to the hero who should slay the serpents. Regner-Lodbrog, a prince and a warrior, happily achieved this perilous adventure, and became the husband of the fair Thora. Such is the fable; the following is the history, according to the *Ragnara-Lodbrog's Saga*. It was not to two serpents, but to one of his vassals, the possessor of a strong castle, that the father of Thora confided the guardianship of his daughter. The guardian, becoming amorous of the princess, refused to restore her to the king, who, after vain efforts to compel him to do so, promised that the liberator of Thora should become her husband. Regner-Lodbrog was that happy man. In an incursion on the coast of Northumberland, Regner, vanquished and taken prisoner, was thrown into a subterranean prison filled with serpents, whose bites terminated his life, (towards the year 866). The fact is mentioned by all the historians. It may be suspected, nevertheless, that in the nature of his punishment, the love of the marvellous sought for a resemblance to the legend of which the hero was already the subject. The same spirit which had altered the history of his marriage, so as to recall the combat in which the good triumphs over the evil principle, might, perhaps, be solicitous that the story of his tragical end should recall the death which, in the allegorical combat, the good principle suffers. The name of Regner's conqueror, Hella, favoured this attempt. The Scandinavians found in it the name of Hela, the goddess of death, born, like the great serpent, from the evil principle. That which authorises this conjecture is the high importance which the Scandinavian mythology accords to the great serpent; they make him, in perishing, drag along with him into non-existence the god who has combated him. In this manner serpents and dragons are introduced more than once in Scandinavian annals. In two instances general fable has been transformed into individual history. Wanting money to pay his soldiers, the ninth king of Denmark, Frotho I. (761 years before Christ) proceeded to a desert island to fight a dragon, the guardian of a treasure, whom he slew at the very entrance of his cave. Harald (in the eleventh century), banished from Norway, took refuge at Byzance. Having committed homicide, he was exposed in a cavern to the fury of a monstrous dragon. More fortunate than Regner, he triumphed, and returned to occupy the throne of Norway, and to disturb, on the throne of Denmark, the nephew of Canute the Great.

10. *Physical objects and monuments, in which the common people trace the representation of the destruction of a monstrous serpent.*—That which daily strikes the senses, influences the belief of an uninformed man at least as much as his recollections; and physical objects, paintings and sculptures, have, like history, aided the imagination in discovering every where a legend agreeable to credulity. At the Abbey of St. Victor, in Marseilles, at the Hospital of Lyons, and at a church in Ragusa, travellers are shewn the skin of a crocodile, which

is described as that of a monster to which a legend connected with those various places is applicable: and, nevertheless, at Ragusa, for instance, it is well known, that that which is shewn there was brought from Egypt by some Ragusan sailors. These sorts of relics, calculated to confirm belief, where they have not created it, have not been displaced from our churches, into which it is probable they originally entered as being *ex voto*. Such is the opinion of Millin, with respect to the skin of a cayman hung from the ceiling of a church at Cimiers. There does not appear to be any story attached to it; either time has caused the legend to fall into oblivion, or, on the contrary, the *ex voto* has been too recent to allow a legend to be applied to it. A relic of the same kind, the existence of which is less known, is the head of the dragon that Dieudonné of Gozon so miraculously vanquished. It was preserved at Rhodes; and when the Turks became the masters of Rhodes they respected it. Thévenot, the traveller, saw it about the middle of the seventeenth century; and the description which he gives of it seems to be rather that of the head of a hippopotamus than of a serpent. Would it be rash to suppose that, like the cayman of Cimiers, and the crocodiles of Ragusa, Lyons, and Marseilles, this head was, in the first instance, exposed to public view by piety or interest; and that, constantly beheld by the multitude, it at last furnished the means of applying to a celebrated chevalier, to a grand-master of the order, the legend of a hero triumphant over a dragon? Was it not thus that the head of a crocodile, which was no doubt brought from Egypt by a cruiser, became, and remains to this day, in the eyes of the credulous inhabitants of Mons and Hainaut, the head of a dragon, which, in the twelfth century, ravaged the neighbourhood of Wasmes, and of which Gilles, the Lord of Chin, was the conqueror? So direct an interest has not always been necessary in order to change the astronomical fable into a local history. At Clagenfurt is placed, upon a fountain, an antique group found at Saal or Zolfeldt (the ancient *Colonia Solvensis*), representing a dragon of prodigious size, and a Hercules armed with a club. In this group the people think they see a poor peasant who in former times delivered the country from the ravages of a dragon, whose image is here placed by the side of his. Desirous of immortalising the memory of the conquest and submission of Egypt, Augustus ordered the adoption as the image of the medals of a colony founded by him in Gaul—a crocodile bound to a palm-tree. After several centuries, the town in which the colony was established recognised as its founder, that is to say, as its local divinity, Nemausus, whose name it bore, and which name appeared on its medals. Ere long, and in spite of the palm-tree, which never grows in the soil of Nîmes, the crocodile became one of those monsters which in so many legends have been vanquished by the imitators of Hercules, by men defied, or deserving to be so. This terrible animal was poisoning the waters of a fountain, and desolating the country. The hero triumphed over it; and received and transmitted to the town which he founded near the fountain the name of Nemausus, which still recalls the fact that he alone did that which no one else dare attempt.* Here, at least, a real representation, although erroneously interpreted, attracted notice and excused the error. But the following is a much stronger example of the strength of credulity. Nino Orlandi, in 1109, succeeded in shutting up in

* *Nemo ausus.*

an iron cage an enormous and furious serpent, and, so imprisoned, paraded it about the town. A basso-relievo, placed in the *Campo-Santo*, represented the occurrence; an inscription attested it. Attentive eyes have in our days examined these two monuments:—the inscription was cut in 1777; the basso-relievo, which was the fragment of a sarcophagus of Parian marble, has not the slightest relation in any particular to Orlandi's pretended victory!

11. *The coats of arms of the nobility, and military ensigns, occasion new applications of the astronomical legend.*—Covetous of glory and power, it was natural that the nobility and that warriors should wish to partake, with the demi-gods of paganism, and the favourites of the God of the Christians, the honour of those triumphs which secured an immortal title to the gratitude of the people. After the Scandinavian heroes, after Struth of Winkelried, Belunee, and Diendoné of Gezon, we might quote a young noble whom St. Pol took with him when he attacked the dragon of the Isle of Bats; and also St. Bertrand, the vanquisher of the dragon of Comminges, who was of illustrious birth, being the son of a count of Thoulouse. But to avoid tiresome repetitions, we will confine ourselves to remarking, how much this pretension on the part of the nobility has been favoured by the figures with which they all ornamented their helmets or their shields, and which thence passed into their coats of arms. Ubert was the first who discharged in the Milanese the functions delegated to the Counts (*Comites*) of the Lower Empire, and of the empire of Charlemagne. He adopted in consequence the surname of Visconti (*Visconti*), which he transmitted to his descendants. In the part of Milan in which the very ancient church of St. Denis now appears, there was at that time a profound cavern, the abode of a dragon always famished, and whose breath inflicted death, at a distance. Ubert attacked it, killed it, and introduced its image in the coat of arms of the Visconti. According to Paulus Jovius, Othon, one of the first of the Visconti, signalled himself in the army of Godefroy of Bouillon. A Saracen chief whom he killed in single combat bore on his helmet the figure of a serpent devouring a child. The victor placed in his coat of arms, and bequeathed to his posterity, this memorial of his glory. Paulus Jovius's story, if not more true than the other, is at least more probable. Aymon, count of Corbeil, bore on his shield a dragon with two heads. In one of the streets of Corbeil is a covered drain, which runs into the river Etampes; and which, according to popular tradition, was formerly the resort of a two-headed dragon, the terror of the country. Count Aymon had the honour of subduing it. The lion, the symbol of strength, usually decorated the tombs of knights. On the tomb of Gouffier of Lascours was joined to it a serpent, the symbol of prudence. Presently, there was seen in these representations "an evident allusion to a marvellous adventure recounted in the chronicles, in which that warrior delivered a lion from an enormous dragon who was in pursuit of him. The grateful animal attached himself to his benefactor, whom he accompanied every where, like a faithful dog." Observe that this is precisely the adventure borrowed by Renaud of Montauban, the author of the *Morganie*. That predecessor of Ariosto delighted, like Ariosto himself, to revive ancient traditions in his poem. Similar causes produced similar stories before the invention of chivalric emblems and coats of arms. A warrior always wished to present to his antago-

nists objects calculated to strike with terror. The serpent is the emblem of a prudent and dangerous enemy; the winged serpent, or dragon, the presage of rapid and inevitable destruction. These signs were displayed on standards, as well as on bucklers and the crests of helmets. The dragon figured among the military ensigns of the Assyrians: the conqueror of the Assyrians, Cyrus, caused its adoption by the Medes and Persians. Under the Roman emperors, and under the emperors of Byzantium, every cohort or centurion carried a dragon for an ensign. Grosley affirms (but without bringing positive proof), that from military ensigns, which were objects of worship to a Roman soldier, dragons passed into churches, and were introduced into the processions of the rogations, as trophies won from a conquered religion. However that may be, it will be allowed, without difficulty, that similar signs have more than once awakened the remembrance of the astronomical fable; and when we know, that every evening, in a religious ceremony, the image of the dragon was carried by the side of that of St. George, before the emperor of Constantinople, we are tempted to believe that St. George owes to that custom the legend which places him in the same rank as St. Michael. In England, Uther, the father of the famous King Alfred, imitated in his combats the example of the Assyrians and the Persians; and bore for his ensign a dragon, whose head was of gold. He received, in consequence, the surname of *Pen-dragon* (the head of the dragon), a surname which was the cause of many wonderful stories. It was said, for instance, that he had seen in the heavens a star in the shape of a fiery dragon, which presaged to him his advancement to the crown. The astronomical origin of the primitive legend had not been forgotten.

[To be continued in our next.]

STEAM-ENGINES.

WITHIN the last twelve months, upwards of fifty patents have been taken out in England and France for steam-engines; indeed, since the much-discussed improvement of Perkins, steam-engine projectors seem to have run mad. The characters or designations of the new engines have thus been rendered so multifarious, that it would be difficult to enumerate their nomenclature. We have atmospheric, hydraulic, pneumatic, and gaseous engines: on the respective merits of which we presume not to decide, as they are chiefly known to the public through the advertisements of their inventors; and we have not learnt that any one of them is practically at work. From this sweeping clause, we are assured that Mr. Gurney's engine and steam-carriage may be excepted, as he has completely attained two grand objects:—he has simplified the steam-engine to one-fifth of its complex machinery, and he has rendered steam of 80 pounds to the inch as safe as the boiling-over of a tea-kettle. These new engines will, it is further stated to us, cost about one-half the expense of any of the others; a boiler on the new construction will weigh only 4 cwt., whereas on the old plan it would weigh 4 tons; and, by calculations made for the Board of Admiralty, it appears that the Government steam-packet engines, with their charge of water, weigh 111 tons; whilst these to be put in use will not exceed 6 tons: that the space occupied by the present engines is 4600 cubic feet, and that the new ones will only occupy 600 feet; thus obtaining an advantage of 105 tons, and 4000 cubic feet space for goods and passengers. Government has

given up the *Comet* steam-packet to Mr. Gurney for an experiment, which, if realised to one-half of the extent supposed, will confirm this to be one of the most important discoveries of modern times. It may be added, that if this steam-engine boiler succeeds as expected, it will produce a new era in the art of dying, as superior steam-baths to any in use will by its means be produced; it will only weigh a couple of hundred weight, may be placed on wheels, and moved about wherever it may be required: in fine, wherever water is wanted to be heated, or steam of a high temperature obtained in a few minutes, this boiler must always command a preference; and we suppose the patentees will find it their interest to manufacture it independent of the engine.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

FRENCH INSTITUTE.

THE Royal Institute of France has offered prizes for the following inquiries:

For 1827.—To investigate the political state of the Greek cities of Europe, of the Islands, and of Asia Minor, from the commencement of the second century before our era, down to the establishment of the empire of Constantinople.

For 1828.—To trace the commercial relations of France and of the other states of Southern Europe with Syria and Egypt, from the empire of the Franks in Palestine to the middle of the sixteenth century; to ascertain the nature and extent of those relations; to fix the date of the establishment of consuls in Egypt and Syria; and to point out the effects which the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope, and the establishment of the Portuguese in India, produced on the commerce of France and Southern Europe with the Levant.

FINE ARTS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS, &c.

No. VI.—The Venetian Secret.

THERE is nothing wherein the national feelings of Englishmen and Frenchmen differ more widely than in their notions of the practice of painting. The French school is rigidly pedantic in all that regards epic composition: the grouping, the drawing, and even the expression of their pictures, may be said to be academic. Every thing is mannered, dry, and constrained: hence, though there is much to surprise in the works of the best painters of the French school as to these faculties, there is so little of that higher feeling which is denominated fine sentiment, that the mind in beholding them is not moved beyond that point of admiration which is accorded to operations of mere manual dexterity.

The English painters, on the contrary, though hitherto deficient in the knowledge of drawing, and not unfrequently carelessly indifferent to this essential attribute of the graphic art, yet have aimed at the more fascinating and imposing qualities of the picture—namely, colouring and effect.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that at the epoch of the opening of the first Exhibition, when this art had but then produced only the few who might justly be called masters, that they had already earned the reputation of great colourists, though the attainment of that high quality of painting had hitherto been the last acquired in every other school:—Reynolds, Wilson, and Hogarth, who were amongst the earliest exhibitors, being all fine colourists.

It is still more remarkable, however, to find, that so long after Reynolds and Wilson, in particular, had shewn the world, in so

many fine works, that they could produce as genuine a richness and intensity of tone as the greatest masters of the old schools,—their successors should be constantly grubbing in the dark after the Venetian Secret.

It must be in the memory of all the *Cognos* of a certain standing, that, some five and twenty years ago, a Miss Provis, the virgin daughter of the verger of Whitehall, came tripping forward, a sort of demi-celestial nymph, with a discovery which caused certain of the veteran R.A.'s many a glorious dream, and set the hopeful aspirants for academic honours almost beside their wits.

This miraculous discovery, which promised more than the "powder of projection" to the fortunate possessor, was no less than the long-sought *Venetian Secret*, by which every painter, old and young—from the dull delineator of a duck-pond, to the daring designer of an epic—was to become at once a rival of Titian, having, by the increased fire of their genius thus lighted by her magic torch, heated the alembic of their imaginations to the accomplishment of these notable deeds of art—all bewitched into the persuasion that the whole mystery of these illustrious workers in paint was wrapped in a maiden's nostrum.

Gillray, however, whose presumption not even majesty could restrain, let fly some picket-pointed shafts at the artistical phalanx who got themselves embogged within her magic circle, in their too eager and purblind ramblings after her dazzling *ignis fatuus*. What colour they came out of her mire of pigments, we, not being present, venture not to proclaim; though Folly described them of as many colours as Joseph's vestment, or Mister Northcote's patch-work morning gown.

The staid worthy, the said Mr. N., wrapped in his said parti-coloured vest, discreetly kept at home during the height of this many-coloured epidemic. The great and good professor was deeply engaged, meanwhile, in again smothering the royal babes in London's Tower;—thus most luckily escaping the loss of money—and of reputation too!

Of the thousand and one absurdities which every age begets, none came forth of such a form as this—it stands recorded on the top line of the first page of modern charlatanism.

To hoax a bench of country justices, to hum a committee of city aldermen, or to smut the phizzes of a conclave of tippling parish-officers, yelp'd churchwardens, overseers, sidesmen, and the like, were an every-day affair, mere frolic begotten by the witless in their cups o'er night, and evaporated in the sickening forgetfulness of the morrow's sobriety;—but for an enlightened body of men of science, marshalled under the proud banner of royal incorporation, to look up to an unintellectual spinster, the daughter of an opener of pews, for superillumination in the boasted art—ye gods! another such a hoax might make even Minerva smile.

Miss Sandby made a good market of her secret; she obtained from each of her credulous customers a purse of that potent metal which quickens the invention of man and maid alike, and left the illustrious illuminati to become yet more illustrious by the patent right to an original share of her one thousand and one times whispered mystery.

That there is to be found a gorgeous splendour in the works of certain masters of this Venetian school, no one at all conversant with the art of painting will attempt to dispute. But it is no longer a question whether they had any particular menstruum, or peculiar

vehicle, to enable them to produce these intense effects, which to us are lost; for the materials used by them were known to Reynolds and Wilson, and are still known and practised by living painters of the same school.

With reference to the paintings of Reynolds, a gentleman has written from the North to communicate to us, that there is a portrait of the late Dr. Beattie, by that great artist, in the possession of Dr. Glenner, (his successor in the chair of Moral Philosophy at the Marischal College, Aberdeen), which has not changed, but is as fresh in colour as on the day it was finished; and this, he has been informed, is one of the only two pictures of his illustrious hand which have escaped the fate so generally, though so erroneously, ascribed to all his works. We can assure our kind informant,* what we trust will be more pleasing information to him than his to us, provided he had established his case,—that we could, from our own knowledge, point out many other paintings by our English Titian, which, happily for art, have not changed at all. Reynolds, in his attempts to restore the art, with all its attributes, equal to its highest state of excellence in former times, of necessity made many experiments. Some of these failed, and certain of his experimental pictures faded of course: he, however, lived to accomplish his great object, and discovered how to give permanency to his pigments. To record this is but common justice, to give like permanency to his well-earned fame.

Reynolds was a much greater enthusiast in his art than many were disposed to think, because he had the good sense to converse on other subjects with those who, sitting to him for their portraits, neither knew nor cared at all about his profession. It is, indeed, among the anomalous affairs connected with art, that by far the greatest proportion of encouragers of painting in England have been those who care the least about pictures.

We have but to use our eyes, in visiting our public buildings, to prove this; whether the site of our observation be to-day at the Council-chamber of Guildhall, or to-morrow at that of the Freemasons, at Cuffs. The same in every town-hall, or even our colleges—at the renowned universities. How many bishops' whole lengths, half-lengths, kit-cats, and three-quarter portraits, do we therein behold, of *grandoes*, *prelates*, *doctors of divinity*, *physic*, and *law*; how many *grand-masters* of grand lodges, *lord-mayors*, *aldermen*, *common-councilmen* and other common folks, "*staring, like as they can stare*," who have exhibited their august prototypes to our Hudson's, Jervas's, Reynolds's, and others, for such like purposes; to whom the sweet savour of a haunch, or the delectable goit of a tureen of turtle, was superior to the *grand gusto* of all the Raffaello's, Dominichino's, Guido's, Tintoretto's, and all the other O's that ever terminated the illustrious of name.

To a man whose nerves are at all vulnerable, there are professional pursuits to be preferred to that of portrait painting. At least so was wont to say the late ingenious Hoppner. Indeed, this too sensitive wight maintained, that the greatest evil he had ever been capable of wishing to inflict upon his greatest enemy, was that of an eight hours' daily drill in the manufactory of block-heads. For certain, the miseries of a portrait painter might well furnish

* Mr. Al. Brown, to whom we return our thanks for his letter. In the portrait to which he alludes, Aberdeen has a very interesting work, and we rejoice to learn that, like the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, it is in such perfect condition.—Ed.

a satirist with a sober theme for "*ink-pot malice*."

That the tantalisation of his daily drudgery brought poor Hoppner to an untimely grave, is as indubitable a fact as that his portraits are *fac-similes* of their originals.

"There are faces," said this cynic, "without features, and features without faces." An alderman's lady says, "La! Mr. Hoppner, Sir John looks too grave." "Why, madam," replies the painter, "'tis the only way to make a sitter escape looking like a fool." "But why not make Sir John smile?" "A smile in painting is a grin, and a grin is a growl, and a growl is a bite—and I'll not alter it," said the half-mad, irritable painter: "and if ever I paint another subject, short of a lord mayor, I'll be d—d!"

FREEMASONS' HALL.—Having incidentally noticed this building in the preceding paper, we are reminded to say something of it *per se*. A weekly journal, recently, in mentioning the dilapidated condition of Freemasons' Hall, lamented it as an approaching loss of "one of the finest specimens of *Inigo Jones's architecture*;" and as this mistake may be more common than we are aware of, we take the liberty of stating the real circumstances; and we do so the more promptly, as they are connected with the history of a place of considerable note, respecting which many a hundred of its visitors may know very little. In the first place, however, we ought to say that the writer's fears lest this hall should fall fast into decay, seem to be rather of an imaginary sort; for upon inspecting it, we do not observe that it is in the slightest danger. A little painting and re-beautifying will make it as handsome and as strong as ever it was; and we are sure that Cuffs' entertainments require a strong room to hold the companies which they get to congregate. But of the architecture,—it is of a much more modern date than the period of Inigo Jones. Both the hall and the tavern were erected from the designs of the late Thomas Sandby, R.A., Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy, whose annual lectures at Somerset House, on that science, were the admiration of the artists and others who attended them for thirty years. Mr. Sandby was Grand Architect in the Grand Lodge of England. The hall was built by subscription, and a large silver medal was struck in the year 1700, and presented to the subscribers, to commemorate its erection, and bears the following inscription round it:—"Grand Lodge of Free Masons in England!" on the face of it: "To Thomas Sandby, G.A. in grateful testimony of a liberal subscription towards completing their Hall." This medal, and many studies of plans and designs for the hall and tavern, are in the possession of Mr. Sandby's nephew, T. P. Sandby, Esq. (the son of Paul Sandby), a gentleman who inherits a full share of the talents of his family and name. It may be remarked, that all the ornaments in the friezes, ceilings, windows, &c. &c., were cast in plaster of Paris by Cox, from original models, designs of masonic emblems, invented and disposed by Mr. S. solely for the appropriate decorations of the hall, and now existing

* Ople seems to have had a fellow-feeling in this way, and sometimes even fell into a passion with his sisters. We remember one anecdote of him: when a lady whose portrait he was painting was mustering all her smiles to look charming, the irritated artist could endure the constrained and affected features no longer; but starting up, and throwing down his brush, exclaimed in his broad style, "I tell ye what it is, Ma'am, if ye grin so I cannot draw ye."

no where else: the moulds were deposited in Mr. S.'s house in Windsor Great Park, of which he was Deputy Ranger,* where they went to decay, without a duplicate copy remaining. Mr. T. P. S. has also the first ideas for these designs, in slight sketches, in his portfolio.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Phrenological Illustrations, or an Artist's View of the Craniological System of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim. By George Cruikshank.

WHEN a clever man hits upon a clever idea, he is very likely to produce a clever work. And, as Mr. George Cruikshank is an exceedingly clever man, and phrenology a subject admirably suited for the exercise of humorous talent,—it is not surprising that we should have in these Illustrations one of the happiest and most amusing performances of the times. To predict that it must be very popular, is to express an opinion that people have eyes to see, and sense to relish, a series of graphic jokes, comically conceived in their whole spirit, and drolly executed in their every detail.

"Where is the hand," says Herder (prophetically, one should think, of the appulse of Gall and Spurzheim on the horizon of science),—"where is the hand that shall grasp that which resides beneath the skull of man? Who shall approach the surface of that now tranquil, now tempestuous abyss?—We shudder at contemplating the powers contained in so small a circumference, by which a world may be enlightened, or a world destroyed." To this dark apostrophe, we may answer, Gall's and Spurzheim's are the hands to grasp the skull of any man,—Deville fears not, not only to approach, but to beplaster all over that surface about which the German poet raises such a pother!

With regard to the new phrase, *Phrenology*, it has justly been pronounced to be a misnomer; for what has the system to do with the immaterial Phren, *φρην*? Indeed, if we look at Mr. Cruikshank's vignette, of three heads with all the Organs figured upon them, we would say that *Cranioscopy* was the most correct title for the art of cranium-examining. But be the name right or wrong, this method of illuminating our understandings is the most entertaining, perhaps some will imagine the most rational and useful, that has yet appeared. There are half a dozen of plates, with each five designs; some of them full of wit, and none of them deficient in it. For example (Plate I.), the Organs of *Individuality* and *Number* are represented by the *Anatomic Vivante* and the *Sapient Pig*; while *Self-Love* is a Coxcomb admiring himself in the glass; *Physical Love*, an Apothecary on his knees to a fat Fair; and *Philoprogenitiveness*, such a family group as would make a stoic laugh. The other plates are equally characteristic, punning, and funning. *Adhesiveness* shews a worthy couple thrown out of a gig into a pond, and sticking in the mud; *Combustiveness* is a superb picture of Donnybrook sports; and *Destructiveness* is a Bull in a China-shop. *Colour* and *Form* are capably expressed by a Negro and a Dandy; and *Order* by a School, where the birch has its due effects. *Drawing* is a bundle of jests—a Porter drawing a Truck; a Child drawing a Go-cart; a Publican at a window drawing a Cork, and his Wife at another drawing Beer; a Dentist drawing a Tooth; and

even a small Bird in a cage drawing up its tiny Water-bucket to drink. In this way, thirty of the Organs laid down by Craniology are brought up by the abilities of the artist, whose views of them are curious and original enough to please the very votaries of the system. Among the best fancies are *Ideality*, a fellow in bed seeing ghosts made by his own garments; *Language*, a glorious confabulation of fishwomen at Billingsgate; *Hope*, a hungry devil gnawing a bone, at which a more hungry dog looks wistfully; and *Comparison*, a tall thin chap walking out of *Long Acre* into *Little St. Martin's Lane*, where a dumpy woman, of some forty inches in height, contrasts finely with his seven-foot slender figure.

We can, however, give but a slight idea of this amusing publication, which must be seen and dwelt upon to be properly appreciated, as containing a set of lively and good-humoured caricatures:—a branch of art, by the by, in which there has been a mighty falling off of late years, which renders the present the more acceptable. We congratulate Mr. Cruikshank on having so ably completed his task; he has now nothing else to do but to enjoy his laurels and profits, unless indeed he will take our advice, and submit his own Caput to the grasp of some Phrenological Oracle. We should like much to see the report made upon his bumps. But apropos of heads and bumps; one of the grand divisions of the science is into *feelings* which include *propensities* and *sentiments*. Now the lecturers and writers on the subject have demonstrated that the brute creation are possessed of this *genus* equally with the human race: thus cats and dogs have their protuberances, which denote their peculiar *propensities* or *instincts*. But then, there are certain animals which have no heads at all, and consequently no bumps; yet these have their instincts as powerfully developed as if they had skulls covered with organs! How is this? How do the phrenologists account for all the instinctive natural movements of the Acephalous tribes, which have perfect innate propensities, without heads or brains? How is it with *Mollusca*?—Seriously speaking, we think these questions not only unanswerable, but a decisive refutation of the whole system.

The Enchanted Island. Engraved by G. H. Phillips, from Mr. Danby's Picture, in the possession of John Gibbons, Esq.

MR. DANBY'S highly imaginative picture of the Enchanted Island has in this plate received a tribute worthy of its beauties: it is one of the best engraved landscapes in mezzotint of which our school, high as it stands, can boast. Not only are the principal features well represented,—the umbrageous group of trees on the right, the water and perspective in the middle, and the fantastic rocks and foliage on the left—but the most minute touches are faithfully and charmingly preserved. The plate will be a gratifying and pleasing ornament to every portfolio where taste, grace, and skill, are admired.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

FAREWELL, farewell, and light farewell
Is all you'll have of mine—
So easily as I'm resign'd,
So easy I resign.

Why should I shed a single tear,
When none are shed for me?
Or sigh amid a careless crowd,
Where sighs should never be?

Why should I love? a fair exchange
Is all my love will give:
As I am loved, 'tis fair for that
An equal love should live.

So, gay as any round your board,
I'll give you smile for smile;
Though well I know that, taper-like,
I shine but for a while.

Great foolishness it were to weep,
That when I am not there,
Another takes my vacant place,
And weeds me from your care.

I do not dwell amid the days
Utopia may have known,
When that affection's dearest bands
Were round the absent thrown.

I hold our modern creed the best—
To its decree resigned,
I will confess, when out of sight
Best to be out of mind.

For what can Memory do but tell
How sweet the flowers were;
And when they fade, it dims them more
To say they once were fair.

And what is Love?—A weary spell
To double every ill—
To make our best of happiness
Be at another's will.

No! careless laugh and mocking eye,
That know no charm like change,
These are the only wings wherewith
Through this slight world to range.

L. E. L.

METRICAL FRAGMENTS.—No. I.

A young French Renegade told Chateaubriand he never galloped alone in the Desert without a sensation amounting to rapture.

I WOULD not dwell where palaces
Rise with their marble halls,
Though mirror bright and picture fair
Be on their tapestried walls.

Though for their gardens North and South
Alike have produce sent,
And songs of many a tuneful lute
Are with their fountains blent.

The purple couch has feverish sleep—
The carved roof dreary hour;
And gilded though they be, no chains
Are like the chains of power.

I would not dwell in the wild bark,
Cutting the wilder sea;
Why should I wish to gain a port?
None will have rest for me.

Weary, O! weary it is to gaze
For days on the blue main,
Round bounded but by the bright heaven
For which we pine in vain.

I would not dwell in Beauty's bower,
To bend me at her will;
All rosy as her fetters be,
Yet they are fetters still.

And maiden smile is vanishing—
'Tis well it should be so;
When her eye learns Love's deeper light,
What doth it learn but woe?

And Love's last smile for me has smiled,
And its last sigh has sighed;
Nor would I change its memory
For any Love beside.

I will not seek the battle-field—
The men I there should meet,
What have they done to me to make
Shedding their life-blood sweet?

* Mr. T. Sandby died in June 1796, at the age of 77. He was at the battle of Culloden with the Duke of Cumberland, and took very extraordinary and circumstantial sketches on that occasion, which we have seen, and which are now (we believe) in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

It is the veriest madness man
In maddest mood can frame,
To feed the earth with human gore,
And then to call it fame.

I have been wrong'd ; but were my wrong
The deadliest wrong ere done,
I would not slay my enemy,
But bid him still live on :—

And I should deem my vengeance more
Than the death-wound in strife—
What ills can death inflict like those
Heap'd on each hour of life ?

Neither shall crowded city be
A home or haunt of mine,
Where heart and head and hand but work
As the red gold may shine :—

Where the lip learns vague courtesy,
And falsehood sets the cheek,
And blush and sigh, and laugh and tear,
But their taught lessons speak :—

Where all is false and base and mean,
And man toils through his part
Less by the sweat wrung from his brow
Than the blood wrung from his heart.—

But in you desert, wild and wide,
I'll make myself a home,
There with my white steel, comrade mine,
And with the wind I'll roam.

On like that wind, my snowy barb !
Enough that we are friends ;
No other dwelling will we seek
Than where their feet course ends.

Alone, alone—we'll dwell alone,
In a world so cold and rude.
Where may the wearied rest in peace ?—
Only in solitude. IOLE.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE MISERIES OF HAVING A FINE EAR FOR MUSIC.

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak."

If the pleasures of a lover of harmony are exquisite, his pains are certainly commensurate with his delights : the concord of sweet sounds has for him a thrilling ecstasy unknown to vulgar souls ; but a harsh, discordant note, a voice ill pitched, an instrument out of tune, drive him almost mad. The amateur who seems to die away at a masterly cadenza, or scarcely breathes at a *sostenuto*, will grind his teeth and close his ears at a peripatetic ballad, and is almost on the rack at the Grub-street rondos, which generally possess as much wit as music. But if it be torture to a musical man to pass through a street whilst *The Green Bushes* and other amatory compositions are *rending the air*, and whilst a blind fiddler is tormenting cat-gut, and a note-grinder is *executing Auld Lang Syne* on his box of music,—the torture is ten-fold to the ear of taste which is assailed by second-hand performances, which are like the caricatures of a fine, captivating original ; for example, an Italian, a German, or French air turned into English, and so translated as to lose the sense and sound together : of this genus (not genius) are the *Tyrolese*, degraded into *Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins*, and the flippant *C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour*, fined down from mediocrity into nonsense, &c. &c. &c. But even these are not the worst annoyances of a *musicante* ; the case (we do not mean the fiddle-case) becomes more desperate, when the musical amateur who has been enraptured by a Paton, a Stephens, a Miss Tree, or a Vestris, and who has been in the habit of feasting the eye and the ear at the same time, of approving of those

arch, judicious, and well-timed suitings of the looks and actions to the harmony and words,—when such a man is attacked at the corner of every street with *variations*, which do vary indeed, and imitations the most abominable and insulting to sensitive beings ! The only safety, so circumstanced, exists in flight ; but this resource avails not when a musical Exquisite has two hours toilette to get through to these *accompaniments*, or a dinner of three courses to partake of with an itinerant performer, or performers, at his door ; the one drawing out the *affettuoso*, the other pair rendering duets most appalling, by the one singing *terrible*, and the other *base* ; or perhaps a whole *ragged family tearing a glee piece-meal*, and each taking a *part* : these, together with the *fiddle* and *double-base*, *so-laves* and *do-its*, must be the death of any *fanatico per la musica*. We now come to the last mortal sins against harmony and taste, namely, the wearing out of *popular tunes* by *popular* repetitions, not on common wind instruments and the *voce umana*, but by *les instrumens à tout vent*, and the *voice of the people* in its lowest rank, and by singers whose appearance would suffice to frighten old Orpheus out of his senses. Amongst these hackneyed tunes, *Home, sweet Home*, stands the foremost. The last time this delightful *morceau* met our ear, it came from the mouth of an old, unshaven ballad-chanter, who looked as if he had made a *hair's-breadth* escape from one of his Majesty's houses of correction ; he was, moreover, a vender of matches, but the *wood merchant* was very unlike the *Tree*, "he imitated nature so abominably ;" his voice was a real *voice*,—all that vulgarity, hoarseness, and tobacco, could produce ; and his *pronunciation* was of the same cast,—for *Ome, sweet Ome*, was so thundered in the tympanum, that it was enough to drive the hearer from his home, be it what it might, and to ruin for ever all domestic harmony. We now come to the greatest misery of all, *vox faucibus hasit*, my tongue cleaves to my mouth when I have to record it. Well, gentle reader, it is none other than the productions and reproductions of *Cherry Ripe*, from mouth to mouth, and from lip to lip, until the mellow fruit becomes rank poison, and a bystander might be tempted to take a stone, and to throw it at the culprit uttering this air, well knowing it to be an errant counterfeit. The mode of massing this ballad differs according to those who murder it : some detail it in the pure *andante* ; some make an *allegro* of it, and tip it off as they would a flash of Maidstone ; but all commit murder, cruel, barbarous, and premeditated murder. The last vocalist from whose *soft accents* it fell, was a half-starved workman, in a round jacket and mud-fringed trowsers : he gave the words as follows ; the tune beggared all description.

Cherry roipe, cherry roipe, roipe, I cry,
Fool and fair rums, come and boy ;
If so be you are me vere,
Vere they grove, I answers there,
Vere my Julior's lips do smile
That's the land of cherry's hyle.

Now, if this is not sufficient to put lips and smiles, Julia's, and all manner of female attractions to the blush, I am no judge either of beauty or music. If I could have cut the singer off with his *axe*, I should have been fully contented ; but when the *highway-hawked* cherry was applied to *Julior's* lips, my indignation was at its maximum. Hoping that this hint will produce some other *fruits of the season* à la Vestris, which will not be *picked up in the streets*,
I am, &c. &c.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Select Airs from Spohr's admired Opera Jes-sonda. T. Boosey and Co.

THESE beautiful Airs are excellently arranged as Duets for two performers on the Piano Forte. They are very good ; and will be found among the most pleasant novelties lately furnished to the musical world.

Brilliant Rondo, from Mayerbeer. By Francis Hunt. Willis and Co.

A VERY pretty piece from *Il Crociato*, and founded on the fine chorus of *Nel Silenzio*. The composition does great credit to the artist, with whose name we are not familiar, though this makes us wish to be more so.

A Fourth Mélange for the Flute and Piano Forte. By T. Lindsay. Lindsay.

MAYERBEER'S Opera has also supplied the materials for this selection ; the opening movement is the Cavatina "*Idoni d' Elmiré*," e "*Soave Imagine*," and the charming *Giovenetto Cavalier* completes the arrangements, which deserve praise for the taste displayed in them.

The Young Muleteers of Grenada ; a Glee for Three Voices. By Thomas Moore. Power. We are glad that the news of Grenada being destroyed by an earthquake is not true ; especially as this delightful national composition needs no adventitious catastrophe to augment the pleasure which it yields. Well sung, it adds another to the rich treasures in *Glees* which we possess, and which are seldom enjoyed, except where one has the good fortune to meet such professional men as T. Welsh, Leete, Evans, and others of equal skill and celebrity.

Pale, Broken Flower, and, Oh ! call it by some better Name ! The same poet and publisher.

Two pretty ballads, of a national character, and not unworthy of the Author of the Irish Melodies. No other recommendation need be given to the lovers of sweet words and sweet melodies.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT is the last of the Italian Opera for this season. Velluti, we are told, is so disgusted with his visit to London, that he leaves it on Monday, and declares he will never return.

HAYMARKET.

On Monday evening a new "comic drama," in two acts, was produced at this theatre, under the title of *Poor Relations, or Who's to Inherit?* It is, as we announced last week, the production of Mr. Walker ; and a great proportion of the incidents and dialogue is derived from the tale of Danvers, in the first series of Hook's entertaining collection of *Sayings and Doings*. As, however, the original story has been in some places necessarily altered, to fit it for dramatic purposes, it may be as well to give a slight sketch of the plot as it at present appears to us in its representation on the stage. Mr. Oliver Frumpton is an old Nabob, who, after a long residence in India, returns to England with a princely fortune, but is undetermined, until he shall become acquainted with their several dispositions, to which of his relations he shall bequeath it. From one of his nieces, a lady with a splendid establishment

and a titled husband, he receives a pressing invitation; and wishing to learn whether his fair hostess loves him for "himself alone," or has an eye merely to his rupees and pagodas, he arrives at her mansion in the resolution of trying her temper to the utmost extent of female forbearance. In pursuance of this amiable plan, therefore, he brings with him a caravan of birds and beasts, that over-run her gardens and destroy her green-house. He himself insists upon having his bed put up in the best drawing-room; and when a dinner of three courses is placed before him, talks of the luxury of a "toad in the hole," "tripe fried with onions," and an "Irish stew." The good lady, however, thinking that the old gentleman will "cut up" well at the last, submits to all these inconveniences without a groan; until, in furtherance of his design, a letter is delivered to him which announces the loss of a suit at law, and the dissolution of his whole fortune by a bankruptcy. This, of course, produces an extraordinary change, and the before much-honoured guest receives "notice to quit" at a moment's warning. Our "cunning Ismo" now proceeds to the cottage of another of his relatives,—one who is as poor in reality as he is in appearance; and here, after telling his apparently forlorn tale, he is, to his surprise and satisfaction, offered shelter and protection. The natural consequence of this little deception is now brought about, an explanation of all the circumstances ensues, and he finds no longer any difficulty in settling "Who's to Inherit." There is also an under-plot, in which the son of one of the nieces falls in love with the daughter of the other; so that at last the money flows pretty freely upon both sides; and at the fall of the curtain, although there may be some heart-burnings, yet all the parties are reconciled, and tolerably well pleased. The merits of this little piece are not very conspicuous. In the original much entertainment is to be found in the embellishments of the story, and particularly in the ludicrous account of the confusion and distress which the rattle-snake, and the other outlandish animals, occasion in the family circle: all of which can be but very feebly represented on the stage. It has the advantage, nevertheless, of being neither long nor dull, and will serve for a few nights, till something of more importance can be got ready. Liston performs the principal character; and although we cannot say that it is altogether ill done, yet the part is by no means suited to his style of acting. It should undoubtedly have been given to Farren: in one or two of the scenes his dry caustic manner would have been productive of the happiest effect. The next best part is allotted to Mrs. Glover, and it could not be in better hands. In one situation, that of the pocket-book, which is rather carrying a joke too far, her acting was of the most essential service to the author. The other characters are by Vining, Wilkinson, Mrs. Faucit, and Miss Glover; all of whom, but particularly Mrs. Faucit, were zealous and respectable.

Paul Pry, as usual, brought up the rear, and sent the audience away in perfect good humour.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

DURING five nights in the week, the new Opera improving, as with every repetition it must improve on the public taste, fills this theatre, and promises to reward the liberal exertions of its proprietor. This is as it ought to be; when sterling productions are brought forward, and in a superior style, there will be

found judgment and liking enough to give them due encouragement. It is the fault of the drama itself that the drama is not the source of attraction which it has been: mend the management, and the audiences will mend. On Saturdays the *Death-Peteh* makes a capital variety, and Miss Kelly's admirable performance also draws crowds to witness it. It may be flattering to Mr. Arnold to learn, that *The Oracle* is to be the leading novelty at one, if not both the winter theatres.

VARIETIES.

A French Agamemnon.—Talma, like our John Kemble, is the great reformer of dramatic costume: before his time, Agamemnon, and indeed all the Greek and Roman heroes, were represented with full flowing wigs, embroidered coats, &c. Talma resolved (Le Kain had set the example before him) that the ancient costumes should be adopted. Lafon, who had to play the part of Agamemnon, found fault with his dress, because it had no pockets. "The Greeks did not wear pockets," was the reply. "Not wear pockets?" exclaimed the king of men—"not wear pockets? why do you think Agamemnon had no place into which to put his snuff-box and pocket handkerchief?" This was a poser!

Bordeaux.—Much popular curiosity has lately been excited at Bordeaux by the discovery of some tombs and human bones among the foundations of an old house which is undergoing repair in that city. On investigation, it turns out that the court-yard of the house in question formerly constituted part of the cemetery of a church belonging to the ancient Knights of Malta.

In No. 3 of the Gardener's Magazine, directions are given, by an eminent French cook, lately in the service of the Earl of Essex, for dressing the tomato in seven different ways. As this useful fruit comes to market about the end of the month, we hope our readers will take the hint, and stock themselves with tomato sauce for cold meat, potted tomatas, tomatas quite plain, tomatas with gravy, tomatas in vinegar, as a pickle, towit of tomatas, and tomatas as dried fruit.

Leipsic Fair.—Three hundred and ninety-one booksellers met at the last Easter fair at Leipsic; and two thousand three hundred and seventy-four new works, written in German or in the ancient languages, sufficiently proved the prodigious activity with which the sciences are cultivated. To these must be added atlases, romances, dramatic pieces, musical compositions, &c., making the whole number amount to two thousand seven hundred and forty-nine. Among the most remarkable philological publications were the *Analecta Literaria* of the celebrated Professor Hasecke; Hermann's *Treatises*; Observations by the same learned writer on the Greek Inscriptions published by Büchke; Sijvern's *Remarks on the Clouds of Aristophanes*; Wullner's *Treatise on the Epic Cycle*; that of Monk on *Pomponius*, &c. Of the archaeological works, Gerhard's *Collection of Antiquities*; a *Treatise by Kosegarten on the Egyptian Papyrus*; and another by Franck, on the *Philosophy and Literature of the Hindoos*,—were the most distinguished. The other sciences also received numerous valuable contributions.

Robinson Crusoes.—A French paper states; that the ship *Emilie*, of Nantes, having cast anchor on the 13th of July, last year, in Christmas Harbour, in the Island of Decolton, (Southern Indian Ocean), was soon

after boarded by six miserable creatures, who came in a boat from the Cloudy Islands, six miles off, on which they had been left six months before, with provisions for only two days, by an English vessel. They were covered with skins of sea-calves; and their faces were so tanned that it was impossible to guess to what country they belonged. During their residence among the inhospitable deserts and rocks where they had been abandoned, they lived on penguins and other birds, and preserved themselves from cold by burning sea-elephants' oil, in the hollow of a cave where they had established their abode. The *Emilie* carried them away, and landed them at the Isle of Bourbon.

Dresden.—A society has just been established at Dresden, under the protection and patronage of the principal persons in the kingdom of Saxony, the object of which will be to search for monuments of architecture, and of the arts of imitation, (such as the ancient painters and sculptors produced with the most various materials, on vases, implements, &c.), to preserve them; and finally, to describe and explain them, in works to be published for that purpose. Prince Frederic is the president, and Prince John the vice-president of this society, to which the King of Saxony has granted a place for its sittings, and a considerable sum of money.

Dr. Rennell has resigned the Mastership of the Temple.

Royal Institution in the Netherlands.—The Brussels Royal Institution has offered a prize of a gold medal, value five hundred florins, for the best answer to each of the subjoined questions—

1. Has chemistry, by the analysis and examination of the elements of the products of nature, thrown any light on the essence and properties of different classes of remedies, and on the manner in which they affect the solid and fluid parts of the human body; and what are the advantages which the medical sciences have thence derived?

2. Is it true, (as appears from the observations of the late M. Brugmans, and as several naturalists have remarked) that the roots of plants produce a matter, which in several species is pernicious to other plants; and ought not this phenomenon to be regarded as the principal reason why several sorts of plants will not easily grow, either simultaneously or even successively, with other sorts, in the same ground; and ought not regard to be had to this circumstance in planting? What are the experiments and proofs which sufficiently establish this hypothesis, if it be well founded? and what is the explanation of the phenomena, if this hypothesis ought to be rejected?

3. A clear, accurate, and sufficiently detailed account of all that belongs to the planting, grafting, growth, and general culture of the fruit-trees which are the most important in the kingdom of the Netherlands, and of the means of obtaining the best species.

The answers, with the exception of those to the last proposition (which must be in the language of the country), may be written either in Flemish, French, Latin, English, or German; and ought to be sent, free of postage, to the Perpetual Secretary of the First Class of the Institution, before the 1st of March, 1827.

Copenhagen.—In the early part of the present year there was an Exhibition at the Palace of the Academy of the Fine Arts at Copenhagen, of the works of the professors, the associates, and the students. The catalogue contained 230 articles, of which 143 were pictures

pointed by 63 artists. Eleven architects furnished 16 drawings relative to their art. Three engravers sent each one plate. There were, besides, four lithographic performances, and four medals. But what rendered this exhibition remarkable was the articles of sculpture. The celebrated Thorwaldsen himself contributed 41 works, statues as well as baso-reliefs, of which 16 were in marble, the others in plaster.

Africa.—A despatch dated 18th June, received yesterday morning from our Consul at Tripoli, announces the arrival of Major Laing at Timbuctoo.—*Courier.*

IMPROMPTU.

A WAG in the night bawls out lustily—"Fire!"
"Where?" where?" cry the folks, half awake and affrighted:

Quoth the fellow below,
"That's what I wish to know;
For my pipe is gone out, and I want it just lighted."
Aug. 12th, 1826. EXONIENSIS.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Gothic Architecture.—At a time when many new churches are building in humble imitation of, or wide departure from, what many connoisseurs consider the true Christian style of Architecture, and when our popular Reviews are occasionally employed in discussing the relative merits of different edifices, and their different orders, beauties, and uglinesses,—we learn, with much satisfaction, that Mr. Jefferson's long-promised volume of Chronological History and Illustrations of Christian Architecture will be speedily published. It is illustrated, we understand, by a series of beautiful Engravings; and as it also embraces copious Lists, alphabetical and chronological, of Ancient Monastic Architects, of Churches, Architectural Monuments, Fonts, Pulpits, Crosses, Glossary of Terms, with copious indexes of References to Examples, &c.—this volume will prove a sort of Encyclopedia of Christian Architecture for the library of the antiquary and professional architect.

The American Newspapers say, there is reason to hope that Mr. Jefferson has left "a pretty considerable memoir" of his Life and Times for publication.

The Conquest.—On the report of M. de la Rochefoucauld, the King of France has granted a pension of fifteen hundred francs to M. Thierry, the Author of a History of the Conquest of England by the Normans. M. Thierry is a young writer of great talent and erudition, whom executive labour has almost deprived of sight.

Biography.—Tiny volumes, called Les Petites Biographies, in 32mo., are at present circulating very extensively in Paris; especially among the lower classes. They are replete with the grossest scandal, and spare neither rank, talents, age, nor sex.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Old Volume, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Mysterious Monk, 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d. bds.—The Eldest Son, by the Rev. Cesar Malan, 18mo. 4s. bds. French, 18mo. 4s. bds.—Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary, vol. II. 18mo. 8s. bds.—Jones's Attorney's Pocket Book, by Cowart, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 18s. bds.—Pateron's Roads, 18th Edition improved, by Mogg, 8vo. 18s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 10	From 51. to 74.	29.98 to 29.85
Friday 11	44. — 73.	29.80 to 29.70
Saturday 12	40. — 70.	29.78 to 29.60
Sunday 13	37. — 72.	29.69 to 29.58
Monday 14	37. — 72.	29.69 to 29.54
Tuesday 15	46. — 73.	29.69 to 29.58
Wednesday 16	56. — 74.	29.66 to 29.56

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing. Alternately clear and cloudy; rain at times.

Rain fallen, 3 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 22" N.

Longitude..... 0° 31' W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thank Seming; thank Scour; thank T. E. E.; thank G. S. L.; thank K. R.

Our fair Hispaniola is much in earnest, and the cause is good: we wish we could find a corner for her; but, alas!

We have four correspondents just now under the signature of X. How can we manage our replies? The brewer's day comes with double X, and even triple X, and we know how to deal with these: but this quadruple X-work fairly bothers us. Can't correspondents hit upon signatures which never were signed before?

We are afraid that F. D.'s fable has not been preserved. It would speedily fill a library with MSS. were we to keep all we receive; and, indeed, our wish to show our sense of favour in this way, is the source of much confusion to us. We therefore beg our correspondents to be merciful in their constructions.

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